

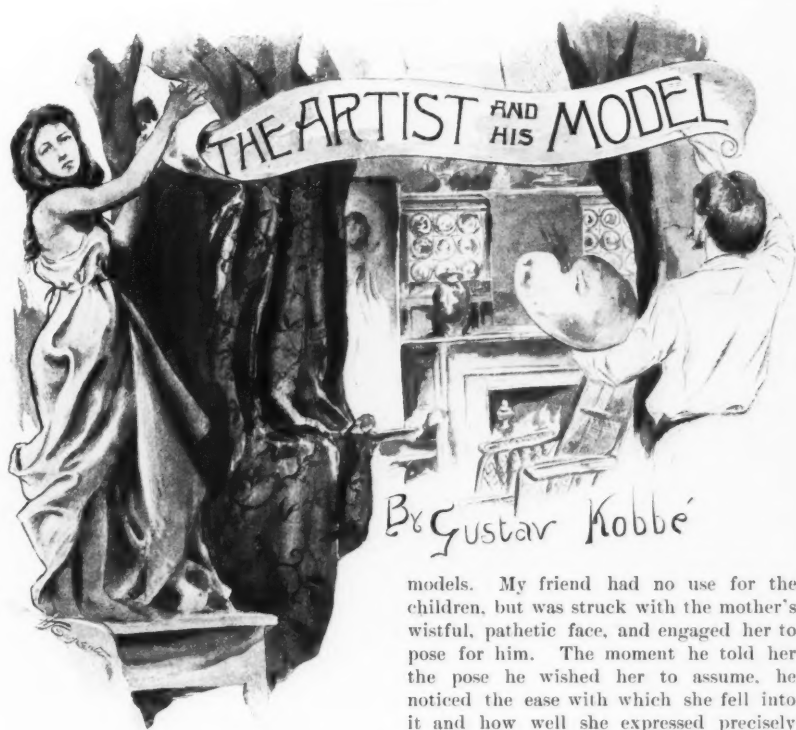
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability : to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXXI.

JUNE, 1901.

No. 2.



AS I stepped out of the elevator in one of the best-known New York studio buildings, there entered, in order to descend, a sad-faced, shabbily dressed woman. I went to the studio door of my friend, the artist, and when he had opened it for me and I had passed through the hall leading to his spacious and handsome studio, I saw on his easel a canvas from which looked out the sad face of the woman I had met at the elevator.

The artist told me her story. A few days before, she had come to the studio with three children, whom she offered as

models. My friend had no use for the children, but was struck with the mother's wistful, pathetic face, and engaged her to pose for him. The moment he told her the pose he wished her to assume, he noticed the ease with which she fell into it and how well she expressed precisely what he wanted. He was thus led to question her, and a few questions brought out the fact that she had been a favorite model in New York a quarter of a century ago, had married, drifted away from the city, had now come back impoverished, and, thinking of her oldtime occupation, the courtesy with which she had been treated by artists, and her pleasant life among the studios, had started out again with her children to seek employment for them as models.

Posing for artists seems to have a fascination for many women. The desire of the woman I have just mentioned to return

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R. HINTON PERRY AND HIS MODEL.

through her children to the occupation she had found so pleasant twenty-five years ago, is one of many instances of the charm posing appears to have for women. Sometimes they get away from it only to be drawn back, not from lack of means, but from sheer love of it. Like the stage, it acts as a magnet. There have been female models who have married happily and well, yet after a while have bothered the life out of their husbands for permission to resume posing—not for “the figure,” of course.

I was speaking with Mr. William T. Smedley, the well-known illustrator, about the attraction so many women find in posing. Mr. Smedley explained in the first place that a good model was apt to be treated more courteously in studios than she would be as a shopgirl. Consequently many of the better class of young women, obliged to make a living, took up posing. If proficient, they found plenty to do and could make fifty cents an hour or three dollars a day. He said that many young women supported themselves in this way while studying art or music or beginning literary work. One of the best-known New York models of a few years ago—she now is married—told me that artists found she had true artistic temperament, that she suggested in her poses the “feeling” they wanted to get from her figure. She under-

stood the effect that they wished to reproduce.

I think that explains largely the pleasure which some models take in their profession. They have the artistic temperament; they may not be able to paint, draw or carve, but they can gain artistic association through employment as models. The model I am speaking of was always careful to pose only for artists of unusual skill and reputation. She considered that there was a certain amount of reciprocal art-feeling between painter and model and that a good model would deteriorate if posed too often for a mediocre painter.

Artist and model sometimes become so absorbed in their work that the time during which a model is posing for an artist will often pass without a word being exchanged between them. A story is told of a sculptor who was working from an extremely well-shaped model. During the work, however, she talked. He never sent for her again. When asked the reason, he made the reply, “Statues never speak.”

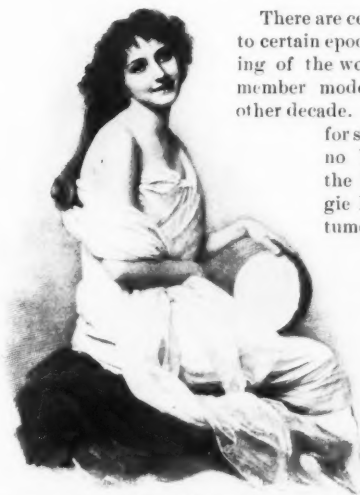
Nor have artists any use for models who are in any way ashamed of their calling.



BEATRICE ST. CLOUD.

They regard it as an honorable one, and their attitude toward their models is as respectful as that of a reputable physician toward his women patients.

One of the best-known artists in the United States was discussing with me, only the other day, the question of feminine modesty or lack of modesty in posing for the figure. Female modesty is an everlasting problem, and one which, I suppose, every person will solve in his or her own way. As regards models, however, it is a fact that good, competent models, who pose for the figure, are utterly unconscious of anything except that, in their own humble way, they are assisting in the creation of a work of art. All efficient models have this in common—they are unconscious. It is a fact that most of the models who pose for the nude would be more modest about wearing décolleté dress than many society women.



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EPHIMER LLOYD.

There are certain models who belong to certain epochs—to strain the meaning of the word. Artists always remember models of this, that or the other decade. In the early eighties and

for some time later, there was no better-known model in the United States than Maggie Keenan. She was a costume model, posed only for well-known artists, and had the knack of adapting herself to their individual style of work. She would seat herself on the model throne and ask, "Do you want a Beckwith this morning?" and then throw herself into a pose which immediately sug-

gested a Beckwith painting. She is to be seen on many well-known canvases—Beckwith's "Christian Martyr" and Chase's "Ready for the Ride" among them. Miss Keenan at one time occupied the rooms above the old meeting-place of the once famous Tile Club, in West Tenth Street, New York, where Hopkinson Smith laid part of the scene of his "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." She was highly respected, and married Frederick Freer, the artist.



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MAY CLARK.



THE NUN MODEL, POSED
NEAR J. H. DOLPH'S
STUDIO.

work and she hadn't married for that, so he had to hire another model.

Another well-known model was Miss Quinton, a young woman of refinement and education, and with a good art-sense. She had been educated in a Canadian convent, and in addition to her skill as a model, she was an exquisite lacemaker and had a great knack for suggesting the right kind of material to be used for costumes. This accomplishment made her valuable to artists, who often employed her, in addition to her posing, to prepare the costumes for her own and for other models' use. A friend of mine was painting a Puritan subject. "Want a Puritan cap?" Miss Quinton asked him. "Just the thing for that is butcher's linen." She seemed to know intuitively the exact purpose for which each kind of fabric was best suited. The artist never had heard of butcher's linen before, but he had her make the cap of it, and it turned out, as she had said, "just the thing."

Miss Howe, now dead, was a beautiful and popular model.

Speaking of marriages between artists and their models, I sometimes have heard it said that abroad when an artist finds a good model, he is apt to marry her in order to save the expense of hiring her. I can, however, recall one instance where the expense continued. For, after the artist married his model, she did not care to pose any more. Posing was

A family of models who are well known in New York studios are the Thills. The face and figure of Stanley Middleton's "The Lotus Flower" were painted from one of the Thills. There originally were three sisters, but one of them met a tragic end. She was murdered by an insane actor who was in love with her.

There is a very handsome model who poses chiefly for sculptors. Though her coloring is superb, and her poses are fine and suggestive artistically, she is not such a favorite with painters, because she does not keep a pose long enough. Every change she makes equals in beauty, or surpasses, the previous pose, so that the artist finds himself entangled in a maze of beautiful suggestions. As one of the artists for whom she posed expressed it to me, "She is a bewilderment of beauty."

Sometimes one hears pathetic instances of the home life of models. One of them supported by her earnings a father, who drank, and two little sisters. The youngest of these was clubfooted, and one time the priest, who was remonstrating with the father for being addicted to liquor, told him that his child's deformity was inflicted by God as a punishment for his failing.



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EDA VIOLET.



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POSING AS SPRING.

A few hours later, the model, on returning from the studio in which she had been posing, found her father sitting in front of the baby sister, holding her deformed feet in his hands and weeping bitterly as he bent over them.

A very well-known model of the present day is noted for her fine, classic figure, which commends her especially to sculptors. She is a serious, quiet, intelligent girl, and poses only for the leading artists. She will be found in several important works of sculptors at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition.

A very pretty and striking model at present in New York is a dark-haired, dark-eyed Swedish girl. A brunette Swede is rare, and the artists believe her when she tells them that she was much sought for by painters in Stockholm. She sings prettily, and is said to appear in vaudeville and to pose only when she is out of a theatrical engagement.

It is not unusual for models to seek to earn money for some special purpose. One model is so clever that three artists practically take up her entire time. She is studying

for Vassar; and, as she goes to school, she poses for two of the artists on alternate afternoons from Monday till Thursday, and for the third artist only on Saturday and Sunday. He states that he has found her a perfect mascot, having sold every picture he has painted from her.

Another well-known young model came here only a short time ago from Pittsburg. Another is a dancer, and still another a snake-charmer. The latter two pose only when out of other engagements.

The model whose figure when posed for painters presents "a bewilderment of beauty," posed for several of the figures on the Dewey Arch. She is a favorite with sculptors, who, of course, work "in the round," instead of on a flat surface, like canvas.

Another model who frequently, even within recent years, has posed for painters

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ADELAIDE LA SALLE.

and sculptors, and who has sat for many important mural decorations and sculptures, is married and no longer poses. She was one of St. Gaudens' models. It is a saying among artists that nine out of ten models who come to their doors seeking employment say they are the original "Gibson girl" or the "Diana of the Garden." As a matter of fact, the model to whom I just referred is the real and only "Diana of the Garden." She posed for St. Gaudens not only for the statue of Diana which now graces the tower of Madison Square Garden, but also for the former one, which was eighteen feet high and was removed because it was considered too large in proportion to the height of the tower. The present statue is only thirteen feet high.

For the first Diana—the eighteen-foot one—this well-known model posed just as she would for a painter or for the usual work of sculpture, and St. Gaudens made a small model from her figure. This

model was then sent to the foundry and enlarged to the requisite size. For the second Diana, however, the modeling was very different. A plaster cast was actually made from the model's figure, and it took six workmen four or five hours to get the cast. The first figure was done in the usual way, because the statue was to be so large that much detail would not be required. But the second being only thirteen feet high, it was thought best to get an actual plaster cast from the model as she posed. Of course, she was not covered with plaster all over at once, and was not

obliged to stand that way four or five hours, with the stuff hardening on her. She was cast in sections. In posing it is usual for the model to take at the start the full pose, in order to get what is called the "torse"—the hang of it—but the pose for the Diana was a peculiar one. The "Diana of the Garden" is poised on the toes of one foot. The other leg extends gracefully backward. No model could have stood on the toes of one foot all day long, probably not five minutes. Yet when the plaster once was applied, the slightest motion from the model would have spoiled the mold.

To obviate this difficulty, the sculptor had two ladders put in position so that the model was propped up on them. The model at once took the full pose—arms placed just as if she were going to send an arrow whizzing from a bow, the toes of one foot lightly touching the floor, the other leg extending back—but she thrust her arms between rungs of the ladders for support. She



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MAY HOWARD AND A SPANISH MODEL.

posed just as the statue is now—without, however, the bit of drapery which floats gracefully back from the figure. This was modeled afterward by the sculptor.

When the sections of the cast were finished and it was set up in the studio, the whole stood five feet six inches, which is the exact height of the young woman who posed, and it was an absolutely perfect reproduction of her figure in plaster. From this it was enlarged to the size of the statue—thirteen feet. In one of the New York hotels is a ceiling decoration representing a Diana draped and with a hound.



CARL J. BLENNER AND HIS MODEL.

This was painted by Robert Reid from the same model who posed for the "Diana of the Garden." Owing to the location of the hotel in which this decoration is placed, the model sometimes calls herself the "Diana of Fifth Avenue." There are few of the famous American artists and sculptors of the present day for whom this model has not posed. She illustrates perhaps better than any other model the variety which is required of these young women. That is one reason why I am giving so many details concerning her. Another reason is that there is hardly an artist in New York who has not heard of her, even if she has not posed for him. She has been pretty much everything under the sun that a human being can be; and can throw herself into any pose for any subject, from a cherub coming out of a cornucopia to Science seated on a throne; from Diana high up on a tower and discharging her arrow into thin air, to a tennis girl, sulking because another girl has come into the set and demonstrated the truth of the old saw that "Two's company, three's a crowd"—which is the title of the first picture for which she ever posed.

She posed for Abbey when his decorative panels in the Boston Public Library were first put in place. One of his "Holy Grail" series was injured either in transportation or in the putting up. In order to repaint it properly, he first made a drawing of the pose from this popular model. T. W. Dewing's picture, "The Carnation," a girl in white with white carnations, is from this model.



MISS RICE IN HERBERT LEVY'S STUDIO, DRAPED BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

She has sat on more thrones than any royal personage. In the Congressional Library at Washington, she is enthroned by Kenyon Cox as the central figure in his decoration, "The Arts," and she represents Poetry. When in very good humor she quotes from the catalogue of the library decorations this description of the figure of Poetry—"A young and beautiful woman, seated in an attitude of inspiration"; and adds, "Nice, isn't it?" She also sat for several other figures in the decoration—Architecture, Music, Sculpture and Painting. She has been Astronomy, Botany, and Physic—"but not a dose, I hope," she says.

This model has been all the five Senses at once—Taste, Sight, Smell, Hearing and Touch. As the Senses, she was octagonal in shape, but when she represented Wisdom, Understanding, Knowledge and Philosophy, she became circular. These are only half-length figures, and in commenting on them she says, "I suppose it

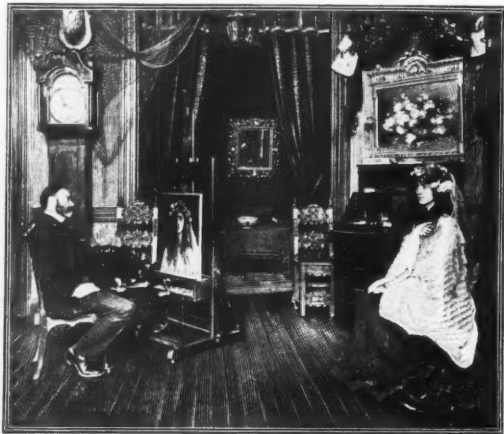
would be impossible for a whole woman to be wise or philosophic." In another series of the Congressional Library decorations, she is several of the Muses. In several decorations the Muse, as represented by this model, is accompanied by a number of geniuses. "You see, I haven't genius enough of my own to go it alone."

Ordinarily a model poses on what is known as a model stand or model throne; this is simply a platform. But in the figures of a ceiling decoration a great amount of foreshortening is required, and if an artist were to paint from a model seated upon a model stand of ordinary height, the figure, when put up on the ceiling, would look as if it were going to

drop down. To avoid this, an artist who is painting on a ceiling decoration constructs a model stand very much above the ordinary height, and thus obtains the requisite foreshortening. When Edwin H. Blashfield painted his flying figures for the ceiling ornaments of the late Collis P. Huntington's house on Fifth Avenue, New York, the manner of posing the model was quite unusual. Models are highly competent and versatile; they have not, however, learned how to fly. Yet in order to catch the right outline, it was necessary for Mr. Blashfield's model to be posed in air. A studio not being a gymnasium, there were no trapezes to suspend her from, so she was propped over the

back of two or three chairs, and thus posed for the flying figures.

A curious feature of a model's occupation is her posing for an artist who is painting some one else. Wealthy people are capricious, and often do not care to give long sittings. Therefore, after the artist has



STANLEY MIDDLETON AND HIS MODEL.

caught the expression of the face, he will call in a model to pose for the figure. If the subject happens to be a wealthy woman, it is just as well for the artist not to let her know that she has ugly points. So, when he comes to the neck or shoulders, he engages a model who is well developed in these parts of the body, to sit for them. Some models do not care to do this, as part of their enjoyment of their occupation consists in seeing themselves reproduced on canvas; but there are others who are quite willing to help fill out.

Various models have various points of excellence, and often a painter will employ at different stages in the progress of his

work from three to four models for one figure on his canvas. One model is known for her coloring; another for her hands; another for her hair. An artist generally notes in his address-book the characteristics of a model after her name. These quotations are taken at random from an artist's address-book: "Fine young Jewess"; "English, tall and slim, blonde, costume"; "Good back"; "Good figure, short legs, ivory tone."

At one time there were few artists' models in New York; but in those old days there was considerable posing on the sly. Women would pose for their friends among the artists—not for the figure, or, to use the expression since made famous by Trollope, "in the altogether," but for an arm or a shoulder; for the hair, face or head; or for drapery. Among their friends, artists thus secured some excellent models under promise of not telling—and doubtless all of them kept their word, for they are very conscientious in not revealing the identity of their models, when they know it would be distasteful to the latter.

One reason why models like to pose as



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AMELIA BURNS.

much as possible for well-established artists—besides the fear of deteriorating in their posing if employed by inferior members of the guild—is because well-established artists have learned that by treating their models fairly they get the best work out of them. If you address a woman as

a woman, it has great effect. Some models are highly sensitive, and on the slightest criticism burst into tears.

An artist—and a very charming man he is, too—to whom models, seeking employment in one of the art-schools, are obliged to apply, told me that one of these models had begun sobbing before the entire class because he had remonstrated with her for taking another engagement before the school was likely to have finished drawing from her figure.

To this artist, many women models come to find out whether he thinks them able to pose for the figure. It saves them the mortification of being obliged to go from studio to studio and be rejected. While always giving a candid opinion, because he is asked to, and, moreover, because he considers it his bounden duty



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BONNIE MAGINN.

to, he often has to sacrifice his reputation for kindness for the sake of the candor which alone will save a girl the weary tramp from door to door.

"You may dress yourself."

"How about the figure?"

"Don't pose."

Then a flood of tears and such pitiful exclamations as, "What am I to do?" "I am down to my last dollar!" "I don't know any other way of making a living!" My friend only too often is obliged to witness the pathetic side of model life.

There are various ways of getting effective work from a model. Some artists treat models objectively, others treat them subjectively. The objective artist has his picture thoroughly composed in his mind, possibly even sketched out or grouped on his canvas, and when he calls in the model, makes her take the exact pose he himself has thought out. To the subjective artist, the pose of the model means more. He has an idea of what he wants to do, but it has not yet taken definite shape. He gets a model, sets her up, gives her a general suggestion of what he has in mind and waits to see how she will express it. If she is a girl of artistic temperament, she will as likely as not drop into the right pose at once. A good model evidently contributes in an important way to the subjective artist's canvas. The artist sets her up and gives her a chance to



ETHEL DANCOURT.

act—for in expressing his idea the model for the moment is acting. Yet, although posing is, within these limits, acting, the average actress makes a poor model. She is much too artificial in her attitude. It lacks the spontaneity which artists require even in a difficult pose.

That is another matter which young women who start out to earn money by posing do not realize. They think a pretty face or figure will do it all. Nothing could be

further than this notion from the real conditions of model work. Posing certainly requires intelligence, and often genuine artistic temperament and a rapprochement between artist and model. The model must feel instinctively just what it is the artist wishes her to pose for, and fall naturally, and I may say artlessly, into position. Some models have the knack of this; and their time is, of course, always taken up. Sculptors or painters of large mural decorations often employ the same model for all the figures in their design—like the model, I spoke of, who was all five Senses—and in this way a model sometimes obtains an engagement for an entire season with one

painter or sculptor.

A good model is so important to an artist that it is singular there are not more marriages between artists and their models. There are, however, other well-known cases besides the one I already have mentioned. A noted



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EPHIMER LLOYD

American artist, now dead, married his model; and since his death, she has taken to posing again.

Aside from the intelligence and temperament required of a model, it is a strain to pose. This is a point not at all understood by those who start out to seek employment as models merely on the strength of their beauty. It is with posing as with every other line of work. There are clerks who shut down their desks at the stroke of five; there are others who have pride in their work and remain to finish up the task of the day. Similarly, there are models who are out only for the money there is in posing; and others whose heart is in their work and who have regard for its esthetic aspects. There are, in fact, models and models; just as there are artists and artists, clerks and clerks, and bootblacks and bootblacks. The usual periods of posing are three-quarters of an hour, with fifteen minutes for rest, at fifty cents an hour for the figure and one-third less for draped.

The Paris "Figaro" some time ago paid a high tribute to the American type of beauty, and asked if it is not destined to be the model of the future Venus, adding that many Paris artists believe the American type to be, in some particulars, the most perfect known. This statement from the "Figaro" I showed at the time



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POSING AS WINTER.



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AGNES WINSTON.



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LENA BRUNNER.

to a number of distinguished American artists whose experience had specially fitted them to express an opinion on the comparative merits of American and foreign models. These artists—among them Dielman, Ward, Wenzel, Blashfield and Wiles—added to the "Figaro's" their own tribute to the high attributes of the American model. Their consensus of opinion seemed to be that the lines of the American

model's figure are more indicative of good breeding than those of foreign models. They are more symmetrical, and also cleaner in the joints, with a good suggestion of underlying muscle. It is especially to be noted that the American figure does not run to heavy ankles and bulky feet—another indication of refinement.

Too much cannot be said for the face, or rather for the face types, which form the crowning glory of the American girl's physical make-up. The faces of American women carry out to a remarkable extent the suggestion of combined grace and independence indicated by the figure. Refinement is coupled with a breezy "get there" expression, especially valuable to illustrators, and which, like the figure, conveys the impression of grace and buoyancy coupled with dignity and self-reliance.



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MINNIE KEAURN.



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POSING AS MUSIC.

Add to this beauty of figure and feature an intelligence which acts upon the slightest suggestion from the artist regarding the pose, and it is not difficult to understand why the American model is considered the finest in the world.

Then, again, the choice of models is much greater here than in any foreign country. Better women models are found here than anywhere else, because all nations are contributing to our population. I do not mean that we find combined in one type the characteristics of several of the nations which go to make up our population. For a real type is superior to a mixed one. I do mean, however, that we have here types of all countries—English, French, Irish, German, Scandinavian—each with the highest



MISS PIERSON RESTING IN HENRY MOSLER'S STUDIO.

charm of the race. For the foreigners who come here almost immediately improve their condition. They get better food and lead an easier life; and, as a result, the best physical points of their race are developed and emphasized. This is especially the case in their children who are born and grow up here.

The foreign model usually belongs to the lowest classes. Her people, as a rule, are very poor, and she has been badly cared for and poorly nourished. These conditions have naturally affected the figure injuriously. She earns little by posing, as compared with the American model, and, as she cannot spend so much on herself, her appearance is not so attractive. She is usually lacking in the air of good breeding which is a characteristic of the Amer-

ican model. In fact, the American racial type in both men and women is higher than any foreign type.

Certainly a better class of women pose for artists here than abroad. The fact that models are treated with respect in our studios induces many girls to prefer posing to working in stores, because it is more remunerative, a model earning in a day as much as some girls can earn in a week by working in a store. Many highly respectable girls who, through financial straits of their parents or for other reasons, are obliged to support themselves, but who do not care to do so in a public or semi-public way—by going on the stage or attending behind the counter—offer themselves as models. This type of girl has had a better bringing up than the professional foreign model, has taken better care of her-

self and is in every way superior. A girl like that may pose for only three or four artists and yet be able to earn a fair livelihood.

"When I returned to New York," said an artist who had studied for several years in Paris, "and models began applying at my studio, they were so superior in manner, bearing and dress to those to whom I had become accustomed abroad that I at first mistook them for visitors. Abroad, an artist knows on the instant whether he has

opened his door to a visitor or to a model. For the latter either is flashily dressed or has the manners of the lower class.

"The high quality of the American model lies in her general aspect—her fine proportions, her striking carriage, her grace of movement. We are a democratic nation. Yet the American girl is the most aristocratic woman in the world. She is a finer type of model because she is brought up in better surroundings. Her education is superior to that of the foreign model.

Hence her mind is finer, and the body responds to the mind.

"I don't want to be understood as asserting that one does not sometimes find exquisite models abroad. I remember while I was studying with Gérôme that he came into the class one day and asked us to come into his studio to see a model, whom he considered one of the most perfectly made



EMILY P. FULTON.

women who had ever posed for him.

"He was at that time painting a picture which is now considered one of his finest works—the 'Slave Market,' and when we entered his studio we saw the beautiful girl who forms the central point of interest in that picture.

"But, as a rule, the French figure is not so good as the American. The latter type is more refined. Our models suggest in their bearing a higher order of girls."

One sometimes hears talk about the ideal



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POSING AS A GIPSY.

measurements of the human figure. An artist has no use for them. Ideal measurements are like a rhyming dictionary. A genius does not require either.

There seems to be no dearth of models, or would-be models, in New York, but those who go into the work seriously and comprehendingly are comparatively few. I

have heard artists variously estimate the number of these from ten to one hundred. It is believed that the children of foreigners when born or brought up in this country have so much better care, better surroundings and better nourishment than people in the same circumstances abroad, that these foreign types are more perfectly developed here, consequently many excellent models of different types are to be found in this country. It is difficult, however, to get Italian women to pose. The Italian men are too jealous of them to allow them to do so—for which reason, perhaps, the Italian women are model, if not models.



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POSING AS ONE OF THE FIVE SENSES.



HOW TO CHOOSE A CHILD'S PONY.

BY FRANCIS TREVELYAN.

“THE old pony that taught me how to ride” is one of the pleasantest memories of many a life. That pony may have been some tricky, stubborn, tangle-footed old rascal with only one idea on earth outside of his feed-box, but he lives in memory with a most unmerited halo surrounding his shaggy head. The good horses of later years are forgotten in their turn, but a niche is kept for the old sinner that opened the pleasing vista of possibilities in horsemanship.

Far be it from me even to seem to say that all ponies are rascals. Many of them are most meritorious, though humble, members of the equine community, and, especially in England, where the pony is far commoner and held in greater esteem than here, he often plays a most important part in the support of his master and his family. From the pampered pet of the millionaire's household to the patient little slave that vies with the long-eared “moke” as furnishing the locomotive power for the costermonger's barrow, is a long drop in the social scale, but a pony is always a pony, no matter what his surroundings. He does not lose caste from humble circumstances, as the horse does. Plenty of ponies have graduated from the butcher's cart to the polo-field or even Rotten Row.

But the especial purpose of this article is to give would-be purchasers a few hints as to buying ponies suitable for children, and this at once opens up a number of points that need explanation. The “Sheltie,” generally accepted as the special steed of the tiny tot, is as different from the high-mettled specimens of Devonshire, Welsh and Irish ponies as the cart-horse is from the thoroughbred race-horse. An Exmoor pony will carry a man of one hundred and seventy pounds or over all day, even to hounds, though the legs of the rider may very nearly trail upon the ground, and when he gets back to his

stable he will not miss an out any more than if he had been out for a pipe-opener in the park. One reason why we on this side of the Atlantic have made so little progress in improving our ponies or in encouraging the breeding of them, is that no type has been se-



A LIVELY LITTLE FELLOW.



A TEAM OF TROTTERS.

lected in the show-ring, and the miniature hackney is brought into competition with bloodlike Welshmen, galloping Irishmen and amiable little Shetlands with a promiscuousness that is absurd. These miniature hackneys are not ponies, though often useful little harness-horses, and the acceptance of them as a pony type is mischievous.

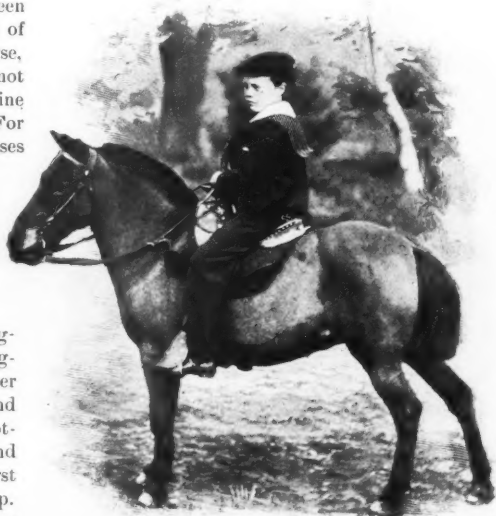
It is particularly wrong in that the first essential of a good pony is that he be able and willing to do whatever is asked of him. You buy one horse for a hunter, another for a brougham-horse, and so on, and just so long as the animal fills the particular billet for which he has been selected, nothing more is asked of him. The "general utility" horse, the poor man's friend, does not even, as a rule, have to combine so many rôles as the pony. For example, very seldom are horses asked to go in harness and under saddle, and scarcely ever is a harness-horse that is being used as such sent into the hunting-field. But the ideal pony is quiet enough to carry the panniers for the babies, steady enough to draw a spring-cart to the station for light baggage, lively enough to teach Master Reggie to stick on, and fast and bold enough to do a "bit of pottering" in the hunting-field and give the youthful mind its first idea of how to negotiate a jump.

It is scarcely necessary to say that such a phenomenon as this is

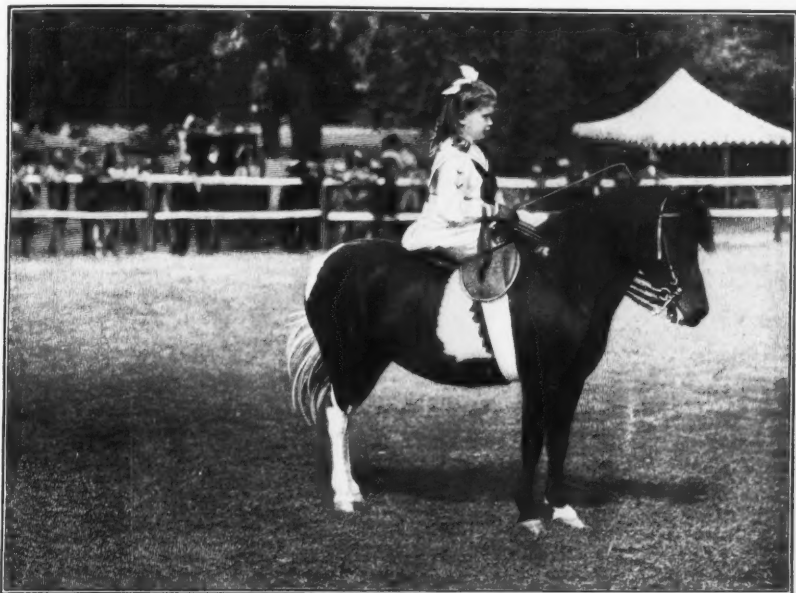
seldom to be found. Children, without meaning to be so, are generally hard on ponies—not cruel actually, but rough and unsympathetic. They want to be the masters in every particular. Unlike the majority of their elders who aspire in any degree to horsemanship, they do not know what it means to humor a horse and let him believe that "he's doing it all." So it happens that most ponies which have been used

regularly by children have mouths like cast-iron and, while seldom vicious, are full of tricks to make life easier and more amusing for themselves, quite regardless of the comfort of their small masters and mistresses. And the amount of obstinacy that an eleven-hand pony can muster under his hide is simply appalling.

Hence one maxim in buying a pony for children is to avoid animals that have seen considerable service in such a capacity, at any rate without sufficient trial to satisfy you that they have not acquired the regu-



A STURDY ABERDEEN.



THE SPECIAL STEED OF THE TINY TOT.

lation pony tricks. The pony that gave me my first ideas of riding, "Bran," a funny little old Welshman, had already performed that function for three elder brothers, and what he did not know about making life miserable for the young idea was not worth knowing. So mulish had he become that, when called upon to draw a small cart, he would positively refuse to budge until he had had ocular, and sometimes more convincing, proof that the driver had not forgotten to bring along with him a certain very robust dog-whip.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the Shetland has the call as a child's pony, but it may be questioned whether he is fully entitled to it. Of course, very few boys of ten or less could be trusted on, say, a Connemara pony, but I never see a well-grown youngster, with a good idea of riding, seated on the back of a "doddering" little Sheltie and vainly scrambling to keep up with his elders' horses, without feeling sorry that he is not mounted on one of the lovely miniature horses that Wales, Ireland and various other parts of the British Isles produce.

Of a genuine native breed of ponies, we have none. The cow-pony of the West is no pony at all, but a horse stunted, and often rendered vicious and unsafe, by generations of privation and "hustling" for a scant living. The outcrossing of the cow-pony with the thoroughbred is succeeding, but the product is primarily not a child's pony but material for the polo-field and work of that class.



A SPIRITED ROADSTER.



A GOOD SADDLE-PONY.

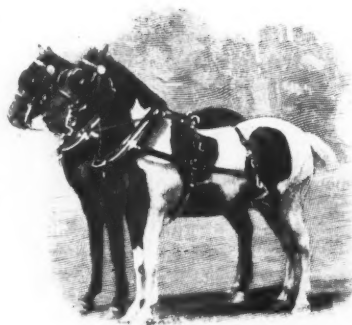
From the pannier-bearing Shetland to the boy's hunter is a big step, and, as a rule, it is impossible to fill it all with one animal. There are Shetlands and Shetlands. A pair of well-trained, high-stepping ponies of this breed has fetched as much as three hundred and fifty guineas in London to my personal knowledge, but as a rule the Shetland has no action, poor shoulders and a heavy head, so that a lad capable of piloting a pony of more life and style is little likely to have his horsemanship improved by riding him. Rather, a boy is apt to develop rough hands and a slovenly seat on account of the lack of ease and "poetry of motion" afforded by his mount.

To put the matter in other words, the pony makes the horseman. He is the tutor of the youngster, and the parent who is anxious to have his boy excel in horsemanship should be just as careful in proportion, when he picks a pony, as he would be in the selection of a tutor. A careless tutor makes a careless

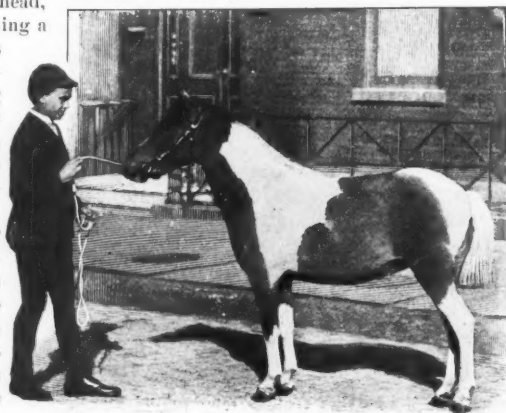
pupil, and starts to mold the youthful character on altogether wrong lines. Horsemanship is not so important as mental and moral training, but indulgence in healthful and manly sport goes far toward inculcating the qualities that make a successful man. The memory of the "Iron Duke" should be revered as much for what he said about the effect of riding to hounds on the character, as for many of the more notable deeds contained in his record. The Duke, it will be remembered, was speaking of his ideal among cavalry officers, and the sum and substance of his remarks was that he wanted a fox-hunter, a man whose courage had been fostered through trying exploits by flood and field, and upon whom the

necessity for quick decision had been impressed by the exigencies of the hunting-field.

You can hardly suppose that the ambitions of a boy who wants to "go" at all with hounds will be satisfied by a mount on an obstinate old Sheltie who will do as much as he pleases and no more. Put such a lad on a lively little Exmoor, as good a horse for his inches



"A PAIR OF WELL-TRAINED, HIGH-STEPPING PONIES."



THE CHILDREN'S STAND-BY.

as his father's best hunter, and you give him a fair chance to learn the best lessons derivable from the game. Of course, such a pony cannot be picked up at random, but no more can a five-hundred-guinea hunter be bought every day, and the selection of such a pony should be as thorough as that of the high-priced hunter. In other words, a pony not only should be sound in wind, limb and eye, and kind in every particular, but should for such work be as carefully chosen for points as a high-priced horse. And the points of a pony are not different from those of a horse, though to see the shapeless, shoulderless, neckless, shambling little bundles of horseflesh that some rich men are content to have in their stables one would think otherwise. A pony to gallop and jump must have the fine, sloping shoulders that are the prerequisite of a high-class hunter, clean bone and lots of it, free stifle-play, a straight hind-leg, and all the other attributes of a good hunter or steeplechaser. Only, if the pony is as perfect an individual as I have endeavored to picture, you will find that he will do a good deal more to earn his oats than his bigger brother, and almost surely will be just as good in all kinds of harness as under the saddle.

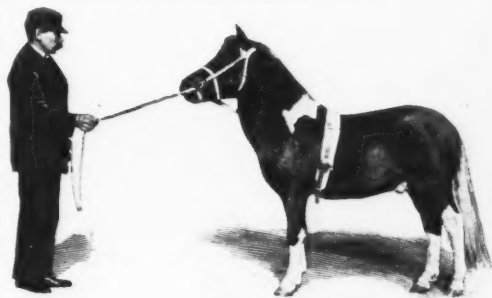
The obvious objection to this eulogium of the pony is that such animals are scarce. They are scarce, but they are not obsolete. It is only a few years since the average carriage-horse of New York and our other big cities was a thing for the visiting European to scoff at. The man who wanted a good hunter or polo-pony never dreamed of getting it nearer than England. The case is very different now, and the production of first-class polo-ponies opens up a great chance for the young folks, as some of the ponies are bound to run too small for polo and not up to a man's weight. Still, until the production of ponies has been better systematized and the type thor-



A REALLY "BREEDY" PONY.

oughly defined and recognized, a man who can afford it is likely to do better by importing Exmoors from their native moors. A few breeders in the East, and more in the West, are doing good work in furnishing a high quality of pony with a large infusion of thoroughbred, and in some cases Arab, blood. It will be only a few years before the American pony is as well recognized as the trotter or the thoroughbred.

The elder children provided for—for a girl who takes at all kindly to the saddle is just as capable as a boy of doing justice to such a breedy pony as has been described—consideration must be given to the tots. Here is where the Sheltie is at his best. There is a good deal of the sheep about the average Shetland, and in his

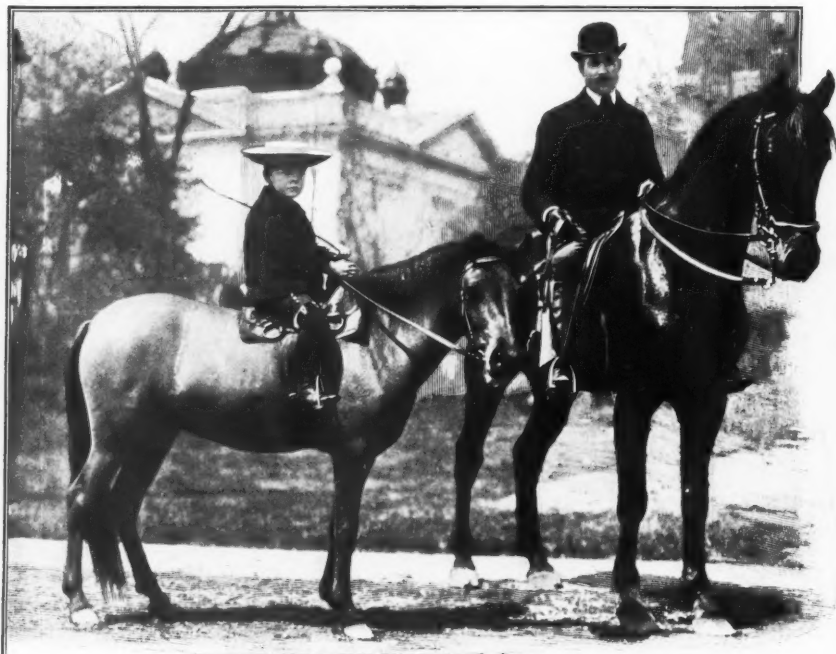


A VETERAN

natural, long-coated condition he is about as impossible to judge on points. His cardinal virtue is a placid slothfulness that would be accounted anything but a virtue in most varieties of horseflesh, big or little.

I have no desire to be unduly critical of this favorite breed, but the calm assumption that the Shetland is the only pony for all sizes of children is irritating, when one considers his almost absolute lack of all the qualities that other specimens of horseflesh are valued for. The point can perhaps be best illustrated by the fact that the

steed for the juveniles, but the donkey has not and never will have the same vogue. Shelties, too, can be made useful in very many ways. Within the past year it has become a common thing in the streets of New York to see a Shetland drawing one of those low, two-wheeled basket-carts, with side-seats, generally known as "governess-carts," and such a conveyance is most useful for carrying children to and from school, and such jobs. There is, moreover, plenty of light work around the grounds of every country house which a



SAFE FOR THE YOUNGEST BOY.

happiest day in a school-boy's life is when he is at last permitted to have a mount on a "real horse." The desire to acquit himself well arouses everything that is virile in his nature, and the circumstance that he has at last a horse, and not a pony, beneath him gratifies his budding manhood.

The Shetland really belongs in the utility class. He is quaint and interesting to children, and fits exactly into the picture of rural life. The donkey is a serious rival to him as a pannier-carrier or even as

Shetland can do, and for which his docile disposition renders him peculiarly adapted.

In short, the Shetland may be taken as the first educator of youth, but there is a gap between the Shetland and the full-sized horse which should be bridged if the education in horsemanship is to be made complete. In this article I have tried to bring out this point, which is generally overlooked, and if success be scored in even a few cases, I feel that the thanks of a percentage of our future horsemen and horsewomen will be due.

THE WELL-GOWNED WOMAN.

BY MARY C. BLOSSOM.

WHATEVER the chances and changes of the dawning century may be, the earth will probably rotate in the same direction as before, and the feminine instinct of adornment be undiminished. If ever defenseless man was left without a bulwark, it is now, in the presence of beauty combined with "that fund of gay frippery" which operates like discharging a twenty-four-pounder at a humming-bird. Women have always refused to heed the poet's caution—

"Flash not God's
truth on blinking
eyes
With reckless inspira-
tion."

and just now the modiste happens to aid nature. There are grace of outline and beauty of fabric, and plenty of opportunity for a woman to make the most of her type and yet be in the mode. It is the day of picture-dressing, if you please, and a girl may be Early Flouncine, or First Empire, or one of a host of other things, as suits her best.

In America's provincial days, the fine people had a few canons in the matter of dress to which they clung as long as possible. Everything must be genuine of its kind; no pinchbeck or stage jewelry was permitted, cotton lace was mentioned with bated breath, and a real lady might be

out of the fashion and yet easily recognized as a person of good taste. There was "an order and a mode of beauty" all her own, and the feverish changes of the present time would have excited suspicion in some of the stately dames of the past, as being undignified and bespeaking an ill-poised social condition. To-day the picturesque effect is sought, bringing cotton lace and imitation jewels to its aid; and the result is justified from the point of view of the artistic.

Every spring and autumn we transform or renew our wardrobe as our purse permits; truly, "cares and joys abound as seasons

fleet," and even Shakespeare, who noted it, would feel some amazement at the extraordinary change that occurs from year to year. Only twelve short months ago (and it is lingering still) we observed a very scant condition of skirt, which was adopted



A DINNER-GOWN OF EMBROIDERED NET.

with the utmost recklessness by very well-intentioned and proper persons. They seemed "like puppets led about by wires," and made us wish that we might have numbered, like the author of "Walden," a tree among our ancestors; for all sorts and conditions of women waddled about with strained drapery drawn tightly over hips of all sizes and proportions. The wearers



A DINNER-GOWN OF EMBROIDERED NET.

seemed to "go antickly, and show outward hideousness." These skirts reminded one of the Irishman's idea of church architecture in America—

"They put up a front to the street
Like ould Westminster Abbey;
But thin they thinks to chate the Lord,
And builds the back part shabby."

We looked upon them and longed for a middle state that Mallet prayed for. But times change, and now we are often ruffled to the waist. We must not be thought to undervalue the beauty of the closely clinging skirt which is so much worn at present, and which is more graceful in its lines than any we have had in a long time; it is truly beautiful. But it is now gradually gaining sufficient fullness in the back to make it becoming and elegant.

With our increased prosperity and more luxurious living, it is no longer necessary for great dames to send abroad for the triumphs of the dressmaker's art—these come to us. An army of modistes of the highest class is in New York, furnishing the apparel of the well-dressed. These costumers are not all women. "It is fair to derive instruction even from enemies"

—presumably also from the vanquished; and, especially in Paris, many of the most successful costumers are men. Your true artist, if a woman, is usually Irish or French, although there are sporadic cases of the master-hand among other nationalities.

Some one has said that when you see a woman always well-dressed, you see a very hard-working woman. True it is that infinite vigilance is her part who would achieve distinction in her gowning. She must cavil on the ninth part of a hair, grovel before the powers that be; and no woman has ever passed an hour in a fashionable dressmaking establishment, with only a screen between herself and her fellow-victims, without receiving some enlightenment as to the importance of plumage. "Fashion, leader of a chatt'ring train," becomes a real personage when one hears her votaries prostrating themselves before a supercilious dressmaker, begging her kind offices and fawning upon her favor. All this self-abasement notwithstanding that a large price is paid. Bulwer says "the mate for beauty should be a man, and not a money-chest"; alas, the ambitious being who wishes to be proud of his well-dressed wife too often offers not only himself as a money-chest, but the



A GARNITURE OF CHIFFON AND BEADS.



COSTUME OF CHIFFON WITH APPLIQUE.



A TEA-GOWN OF CHIFFON WITH
APPLIQUE.

stand their own good points, and manifest "a clear *because* to a clear *why*." They are "chaussée et gantée," and convey an impression of being, some way, just right. It were idle to attempt to discover the method by which they arrive at this happy issue; it seems to be only remotely a mental process, for very often they seem to know nothing outside of this one royal accomplishment. Nor is it necessary that they should; for to be the crowning touch in the landscape on a summer's day, or to make the firelight more cheerful on a winter's eve, is it not enough?

Of those others who put on, regardless of their persons, all that the gaudy heavens could dropdown; who are cheerful and chirrupy under a mountain of mistakes, what can be said? They are the living embodiment of Smollett's grievance of "ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance and adopted by folly." They go about with a serene complacency, and, having copied a fashion-plate, often remain forever unconscious of absurdity. They make one long for a simple universal costume, or any rational way out of the difficulty. In the mind of the average American woman, any discussion of a costume without whalebones would seem "a compound of rage and lunacy," yet there is a word to be said in behalf of those shapeless

sweet dignity of the lady into the bargain. garments which never conceal beauty; and doubtless there are degrees of coquetry and art in the Japanese lady's use of her adornment.

Instead of four times a year remodeling and arriving at "endless devices, bottomless conclusions," how fine it would be to have fabric and design so rich and beautiful that they would last a bit and give us more time for other things. If a certain uniformity and simplicity of dress based upon beauty of color, design and fabric could be arrived at, we might no longer be slaves of the modiste. It may be we are going toward such an end; for seldom has design played a larger part than now, and we are using appliqué and embroidery in a way which, with a little more sincerity, would arrive at art. In every experimental science there is a tendency toward perfection, and since we must be clothed, we may some day learn the value of simplicity, with a true appreciation of form and color which will be restful and beautiful and leave us less "tired with vain rotations of



A PARISIAN HOUSE-GOWN.



A BALL-DRESS OF EMBROIDERED SATIN.

the day." Care is certainly an enemy to life.

The woman of the Occident seems to fear that the adoption of a beautiful universal costume would afford too little scope for the exercise of her genius.

She feels that there can be too much of a good thing—like Doctor Chalmers when he called upon the shoemaker, who, in enumerating his blessings, mentioned that his family had lived thirty years without a single quarrel. The good doctor struck his cane on the floor and surprised them by exclaiming, "Terribly monotonous, man, terribly monotonous!"

In this year of 1901 there is probably more latitude in fashion than there has been for many a decade past, and per-

haps more than ever before. The costumes of several periods are suggested in the modes, and the refinements of color are allowed free play, while a certain amount of individuality in dress is admired rather than scoffed at. Better even than a universal adoption of beautiful fabrics of somewhat uniform shape, would be the exercise of a sensitive and personal play of imagination, resulting in individual expression. The esthetic sense would grow with use, and home and costume would be "a final revelation of yourself," a manner of "supplementing your own visions."

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain
Is always right," cries Sprightly Jane—

and it is pleasant to see how easily Jane can prove her point in 1901. First, the fabrics are wonderfully beautiful. All the soft, clinging mate-



Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

A DINNER-GOWN OF TULLE AND LACE.

rials like *crêpe de chine*, chiffon, and old-fashioned silk *barège* daintily flowered, are in use. Many semi-transparent fabrics are used with silks under them so as to produce celestial and unheard-of colors. Changeable silks, of *plume de pigeon*, chameleon, and shimmery opalescent effects, are quite as charming as their names would suggest.

The designs used are of a most enchanting delicacy—flowers and vines that suggest even the perishable morning-glory in their elusiveness; dainty embroideries of buds and leaves and trailing branches, more of a real tribute to Mother Nature than we have worn for many a long day. Skirts give the effect of the extremely slender and svelte, because of the clinging materials, notwithstanding that they are much trimmed.

The Frenchy combination of delicate pink and blue is used once more, as much as the duller and heavier colors which have been in vogue of recent years. In more than one respect the present fashions are described in the costuming of Mrs. Grimes and Peggy, old Grimes's wife and daughter. Accompanying the

"old blue coat,
All buttoned down before,"
went Peggy—

"Her dresses ne'er were tight or loose,
Nor very long or short";

also Mrs. Grimes, who

"Wore a dress of pink and blue,
The stripes ran all around."



Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

A DINNER-GOWN OF WHITE SATIN.

Without the escort of Grimes, which would be superfluous in these days, Mrs. Grimes and Peggy would shine by reason of their up-to-date toilets.

Lace is much used, especially in flat bands, and "let in." One bit of realism was seen on a beautiful gown set with deep cream lace in medallions, on which were two little scenes, one a barnyard with a chanticleer in the foreground, and the other a house. Another rich gown was trimmed with sunflowers and yellow velvet bands.

There often are ruffles to the waist in the latest Paris gowns, making a costume so unapproachable that we are reminded of the little girl who asked, "Mama, will that lady go to heaven any sooner than you because she has got a pew all to herself?" The ruffled skirt is said to be a forerun-

ner of the hoopskirt, but we turn a deaf ear to even the possibility. We have lived in comparative comfort too long to resign our privilege easily.

That reminds us of the tailor-made costume, a most important adjunct of our civilization. We recognize in these days, more than ever before, the need of suiting the costume to the occasion. Frenchwomen have always had the advantage of us in heeding this monition of good taste. We are just beginning to give it due weight. Nothing can exceed the perfection of utility, and trimness of appearance, that goes with the intention, well carried out, of the tailor suit. It is no longer crudely suggestive of masculine attire, as when it was first introduced—women have endowed it with a quality all their own. The Dublin journal which announced that "the ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend," would find no justification now in the appearance of the tailor-made woman. The strictest canons of beauty can-

not be complied with in a gown that is for street and office wear, for holding the ribbons over a spirited pair, or for passing in and out of shops or trains; but in suitability itself exists a



INDIA MUSLIN WITH INSERTION OF
MECHLIN LACE AND EMBROID-
ERED FLOWERS APPLIQUÉED.

very potent attraction, and no one doubts the efficiency of these simple and useful gowns. Their lack of ornament is a test of skill in itself, and they demand a correctness of line and a fine workmanship which afford ample scope to the best craftsman.



A TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

Rather than listen to evil mutterings in regard to the reappearance of the hoopskirt, we will turn to the cheerful prospect of the picture-hat. All fashionable milliners predict that the recovery of the lost portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire will bring the Gainsborough hat for next winter; and luckily, there are enough pretty faces to put under it. So pray you, ladies, unless you be possessed of youth and beauty, resign this headgear with a smile. For under those sweeping plumes youthful beauty finds its completeness, while the ravages of time are made more noticeable; and a pug-nose becomes like the little boy's which "was growing puggier every day."



Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

A BLACK VELVET DINNER-GOWN.



A CHARMING HOUSE-GOWN.

Whatever may have been predicted, as yet we feel no salutary shame about wearing long dresses in the street. It is impossible to make the present skirts, many of them close-fitting and sheath-like in effect, look well if they are off the ground. We have resigned ourselves to still further martyrdom, though well we know that

"No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground,"

and the rainy-day skirt is our consolation.

In another matter, the saner thought is making its way. The fact that all England is in mourning, and that mourning dress is so universal that even the little children wear a black band on one arm, calls our attention to the point that in our country the costume of heaviest black and the mourning veil

are not so universal as they were. It must be that our profession of faith is becoming more real to us, and forbidding us to put on the badge of hopeless woe—

"To wear long faces just as if our
Maker,
The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In Sorrow's dismal crape or bombazine."

No wonder the little girl, on hearing her mother say she was going into half mourning, inquired if any of her relatives were half dead! It is refreshing to think that violet and white, those spiritual and beautiful notes, are becoming as expressive of our attitude toward the absent as the somber and crushing black which was formerly so rigidly the custom.



A STUDY IN APPLIQUE.

In all ways this is essentially a year of decoration. Instead of the plain skirts and trimmed bodices worn a short time ago, we now have all that skill can devise in the way of ornament used over the entire gown. Raised trimmings of flowers, leaves and rich medallion designs, formed of lace, ribbon, beads and imitation stones, are used upon Parisian gowns. Embroidery is greatly in demand, worked into the fabric in a way that would delight Ruskin. He criticized the insincerity of our ornamentation, trimmings laid on instead of worked into the fabric.

The smaller artificial flowers are sparingly used as garniture in preference to the larger flowers. The sleeves of evening gowns are the merest bands of velvet or passementerie; and with the curves of the

waist passing into the long, simple, graceful lines of the skirt, the effect is very artistic and beautiful.

One characteristic of the year has been and will be the combination of materials strangely unlike in their nature. Fur and chiffon have been near neighbors, and much that is perishable goes to form the new evening wraps, that are made even of crêpe



BALL-GOWN OF WHITE CHIFFON WITH STRIPES OF SILVER AND APPLIQUEED FLOWERS OF PALE-GREEN LACE.



A BALL-DRESS OF BLACK JETTED NET.

de chine combined with velvet and lace and much-plaited chiffon.

Without doubt, the perfect finish to a dainty toilet is in the hat, where one is worn; many times a gown not new may be redeemed and made inconspicuous by excellence in the hat, boots and gloves of the wearer. All the world over, it is understood that the magic of the mil-

liner's art may command its own price and make its own distinction. More even than in the gown may the hand of the expert make itself felt in the hat, giving that final touch which

every one recognizes and which so few are able to achieve.

It happens that at present very different styles of hats are in vogue, so that all kinds of faces may be suited. There is the wide flat effect, which the long-faced woman may avoid with discretion, and there are toques of different heights and sizes, which she may adopt. The dexterous use of the most transparent and perishable materials is a charm of this summer's millinery, and flowers are being made more cleverly every year. They are used in profusion, and if we wear artificial flowers at all, it is well to be willing to pay for those carefully devised, and natural and beautiful in construction and colors.

Although it must be admitted that money plays an important part in the art of dress, it is not all.

It is evident that taste and discrimination are still more important factors. Often a simple home-made dress is really

admired where a rich and expensive gown is only wondered at. Taste sees to it that the gown is not only appropriate to the hour of the day, to the season of the year and to the age of the wearer, but also that its color scheme

is harmonious and its effect pleasing to the eye.

Often fashion has been accused of laying down too rigorous rules and compelling a woman to dress in a style unbecoming to her type of beauty. But this cannot be said of recent fashion, for its tendency has been broad enough to allow each individual type of woman to pick a becoming style of dress and nevertheless be fashionably gowned.

Taking it all in all, the tide of fashion is set in this year 1901, not



SORTIE DU BAL TRIMMED WITH CHIFFON AND LACE.

toward the luxurious only, but toward the rational, the beautiful, the artistic, also. Individual taste is freer than ever. It is hardly probable that in the coming years Dame Fashion will compel us to accept a lower standard.

OLD FRENCH ROMANCES.

I.—AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THOUGH the song-story—"cante-fable"—"C'est d'Aucassin et de Nicolette," has long had an antiquarian interest for scholars, it is only during the last twenty years or so that it has taken its place in the living literature of the world, and given two of the most fragrant names to the mythology of lovers. Monsieur Bida in France, and Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. F. W. Bourdillon in England, are to be thanked for rescuing this precious pearl from the dust-heaps of philological learning. In England Mr. Bourdillon was first with a very graceful and scholarly translation. Walter Pater in his famous essays on "The Renaissance" early directed to it the attention of amateurs of such literary delicacies; but practically Mr. Lang is its sponsor in English, by virtue of a translation which for freshness and grace and tender beauty may well take the place of the original with those of us for whom Old French has its difficulties. Nine years before, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman had introduced the lovers to American readers in "A Masque of Poets." There in a single lyric Mr. Stedman has so skilfully concentrated the romance of the old story that I venture to quote from it, particularly as Mr. Stedman has done readers of his poetry the mysterious unkindness of omitting it from his collected poems:

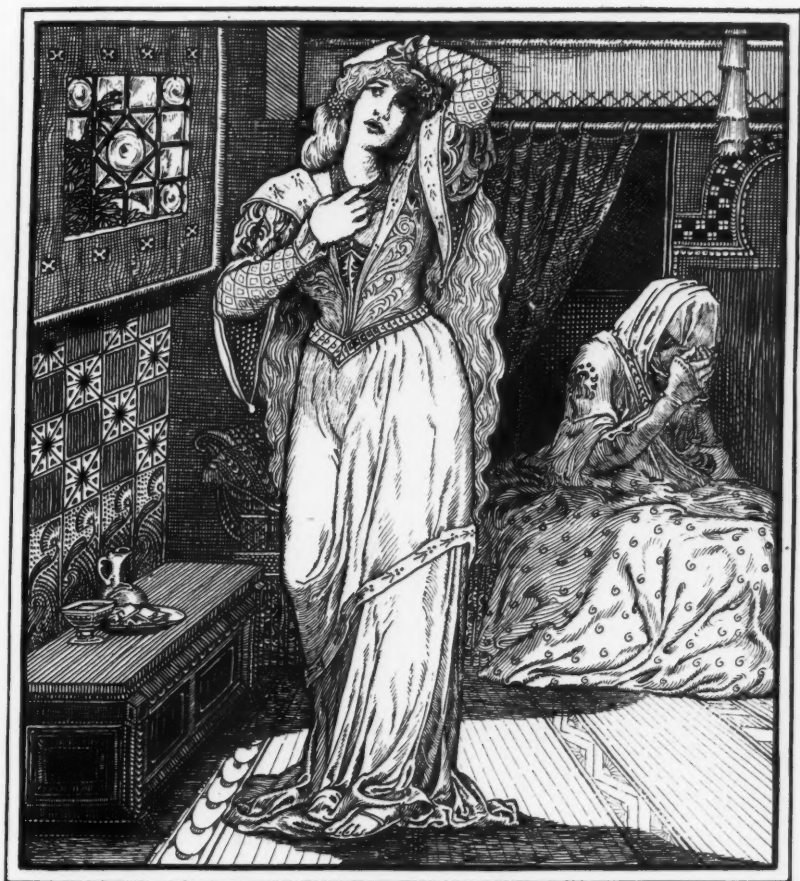
Within the garden of Biaucaire
He met her by a secret stair,—
The night was centuries ago.
Said Aucassin, 'My love, my pet,
These old confessors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell
Unless I give you up, ma belle,'—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

“ Now, who should there in heaven be
To fill your place, *ma très-douce mie*?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the droning priests are met;—
All the old cripples, too, are there
That unto shrines and altars cling,
To filch the Peter-pence we bring;’—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

“ To purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know,
Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
The men of valor and degree:
We’ll join that gallant company,’—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

“ Sweet players on the cithern strings
And they who roam the world like kings
Are gathered there, so blithe and free!
Pardie! I’d join them now, my pet,
If you went also, *ma douce mie*!
The joys of heaven I’d forego
To have you with me there below,’—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.”

Here the three notes of the old song-story are admirably struck: the force and freshness of young passion, the troubadourish sweetness of literary manner, the rebellious humanity. Young love has ever been impatient of the middle-aged wisdom of the world, and fiercely resisted the pious or practical restraints to its happiness; but perhaps the rebelliousness of young hearts has never been so audaciously expressed as in “Aucassin and Nicolette.” The absurdity of parents who, after all these generations of experience, still confidently oppose them-



Drawn by Louis Rhead. NICOLETE WEIGHS HOW SHE MAY ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER.

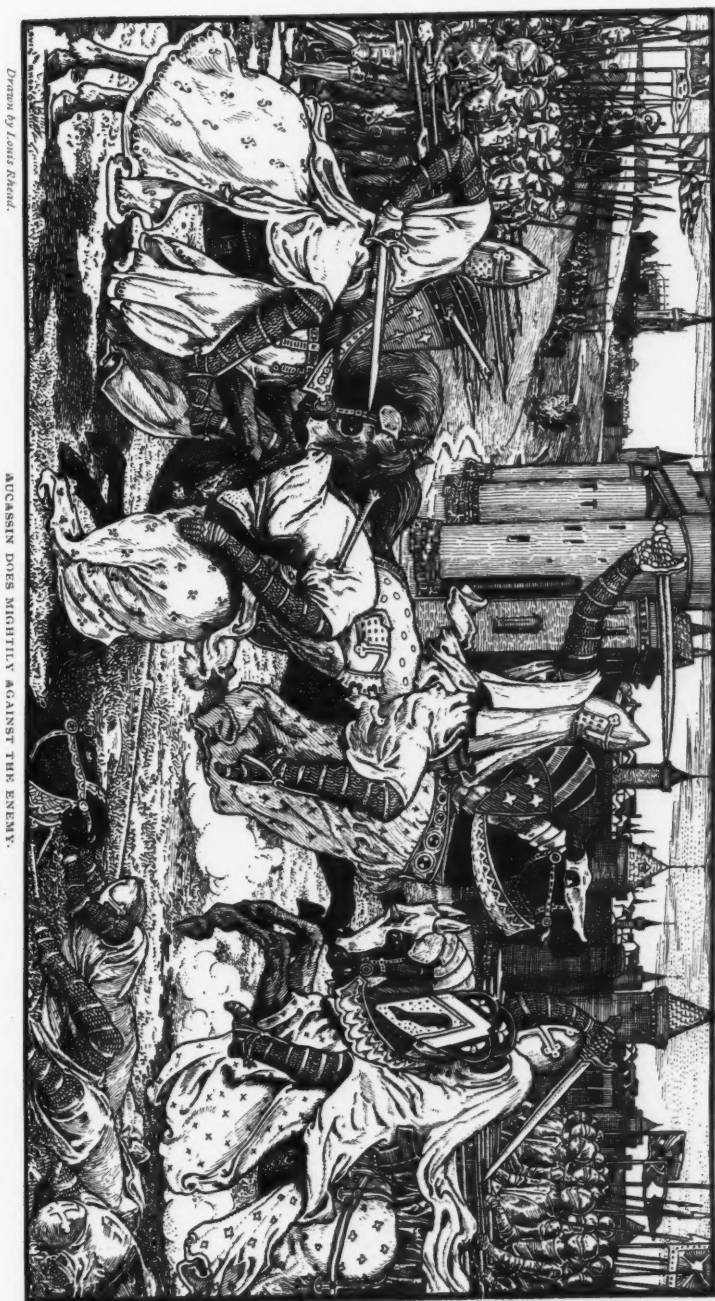
selves to that omnipotent passion which Holy Writ itself tells us many waters cannot quench; the absurdity of thin-blooded, chilly old maids of both sexes who would have us believe that this warm-hearted ecstasy is an evil thing, and that prayer and fasting are better worth doing—not in the most “pagan” literature of our own time have these twin absurdities been assailed with more outspoken contempt than in this naïf old romance of the thirteenth century. The Count Bougars de Valence is at war with Count Garin de Biaucaire. The town of Biaucaire is closely besieged and its Count is in despair, for he is an old man, and his son Aucassin, who should take his place, is so overtaken with a hopeless passion that he sits in a lovesick dream, refusing to put on his armor or to take any part in the defense of the town. His father reproaches him, and how absolutely of our own day rings his half-bored, half-impatient answer. “‘Father,’ said Aucassin, ‘I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me Nicolette, my true love, that I love so well. . . .’

“‘Father—can’t you understand? How strange old people are! Don’t you see how it is?’”

"Father, I marvel that you will be speaking!" It is the eternal exclamation, the universal shrug, of youth confronted by "these tedious old fools!"

Now Nicolette is no proper match for Aucassin, a great Count's son—though, naturally, in Aucassin's opinion, "if she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her"—because she is "the slave girl" of the Count's own Captain-at-arms, who had bought her of the Saracens, reared, christened and adopted her as his "daughter-in-God." Actually she is the daughter of the King of Carthage, though no one in Biaucaire, not even herself, knows of her high birth. The reader, of course, would naturally guess as much, for no polite jongleur of the Middle Ages, addressing, as he did, an audience of the highest rank, would admit into his stories any but heroes and heroines with the finest connections.

Father and son by turns have an interview with the Captain. The Captain promises the Count to send Nicolette into a far country, and the story goes in Biaucaire that she is lost, or made away with by the order of the Count. The Captain, however, having an affection for his adopted daughter, and being a rich man, secretes her high up in "a rich palace with a garden in face of it." To him comes Aucassin asking for news of his lady. The Captain, with whose dilemma it is possible for any one not in his first youth to sympathize, lectures Aucassin not unkindly after the prescribed formulas. It is impossible for Aucassin to marry Nicolette, and were he less honest, hell would be his portion and paradise closed against him forever. It is in answer to this admirable common sense that Aucassin flashes out his famous defiance. "Paradise!" he laughs—"in paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into paradise, with them have I naught to make. But into hell would I



Dessiné par Louis Réaume.

ACCASSIN DOES MIGHTILY AGAINST THE ENEMY.

fain go; for into hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men-at-arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither go the gold, and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of gris, and harpers, and makers, and the princes of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

Aucassin's defiance of priests as well as parents is something more significant than the impulsive utterance of wilful youth. It is at once, as Pater has pointed out, illustrative of that humanistic revolt against the ideals of Christian asceticism which even in the Middle Ages was already beginning—a revolt openly acknowledged in the so-called Renaissance—and a revolt growingly characteristic of our own time. The gospel of the Joy of Life is no mere heresy to-day. Rather it may be said to be the prevailing faith. Aucassin's spirited speech is no longer a lonely protest. It has become a creed.

Finding Aucassin unshaken in his determination, the Count his father bribes him with a promise that, if he will take the field, he shall be permitted to see Nicolete—"even so long," Aucassin stipulates, "that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss." The compact made, Aucassin does so mightily "with his hands" against the enemy that he raises the siege and takes prisoner the Count Bougars de Valence. But the father refuses the agreed reward—and here, after the charming manner of the old story-teller himself, we may leave prose awhile and continue the story in verse—the correct formula is "Here one singeth":

"When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.
There he waileth in his woe,
Crying thus as ye shall know:



Drawn by Louis Rhead. AUCASSIN FINDS NICOLETE IN A BOWER IN THE WOOD.

“ Nicolette, thou lily white,
My sweet lady, bright of brow,
Sweeter than the grape art thou,
Sweeter than sack posset good
In a cup of maple wood . . .
“ My sweet lady, lily white,
Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
And the mirth of thy replies.
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thy embrace.
Who but doth in thee delight?
I for love of thee am bound
In this dungeon underground,

All for loving thee must lie
Here where loud on thee I cry,
Here for loving thee must die
For thee, my love.”

Now Nicolette is no less whole-hearted and indomitable in her love than Aucassin. She is like a prophecy of Rosalind in her adventurous, full-blooded girlhood. When her master has locked her up in the tower, she loses no time in making a vigorous escape by that ladder of knotted bedclothes

without which romance could hardly have gone on existing. Who that has read it, can forget the picture of her as she slips down into the moonlit garden, and kilts up her kirtle "because of the dew that she saw lying deep on the grass"?—

"Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim she was in the waist that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tiptoe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden."

As Nicolette steals in the moonlight to the ruinous tower where her lover lies, she hears him "wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loves so well." The lovers snatch a perilous talk, while the town's guards pass down the street with drawn swords seeking Nicolette, but not remarking her crouched in the shadow of the tower. How Nicolette makes good her escape into the wildwood and builds a bower of woven boughs with her own hands, and how Aucassin finds her there, and the joy they have, and their wandering together in strange lands, their losing each other once more, and their final happy finding of each other again—"by God's will who loveth lovers"—is not all this written in the Book of Love?—

"Sweet the song, the story sweet.
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun
So outwearied, so foredone,
Sick and woful, worn and sad,
But is healed, but is glad,
'Tis so sweet."

The story is simple enough, of a pattern old and familiar as love itself, but the telling of it is a rare achievement of artistry, that artistry which is so accomplished as to be able to imitate simplicity; for, roughly connected as are certain parts of the story, "Aucassin and Nicolette" in the main is evidently the work of one who was a true poet and an exquisite literary craftsman. The curious, almost unique, form of it is one of its most characteristic charms; for it is written alternately in prose and verse. The verse sometimes

repeats in a condensed form what has already been related in the prose, sometimes elaborates upon it, and sometimes carries on the story independently. The formula with which the prose is introduced is: "So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale," and the formula for introducing the verse, as already noted, is: "Here one singeth." These formulas, and the fact that the music for some of the songs has come down to us on the precious unique manuscript preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, lead critics to think that the romance was probably presented by a company of jongleurs, with music, and possibly with some dramatic action. The author is unknown, and the only reference to him is his own in the opening song:

"Who would list to the good lay,
Gladness of the captive gray?"

M. Gaston Paris suggests that the "viel caitif" lived and wrote in the time of Louis VII. (1130), and Mr. Lang draws a pretty picture of the "elderly, nameless minstrel strolling with his viol and his singing-boys . . . from castle to castle in 'the happy poplar land.'" Beucaire is better known nowadays for its ancient fair than for its lovers. According to tradition, that fair has been held annually for something like a thousand years—and our lovers have been dead almost as long. Still, thanks to the young heart of that unknown old troubadour, their love is as fresh as a Maybush in his songs, the dew is still on the moonlit daisies where Nicolette's white feet have just passed, and her bower in the wildwood is as green as the day she wove it out of boughs and flowers. As another old poet has sung, "the world might find the spring by following her"—so exquisitely vernal is the spirit that breathes from this old song-story. To read in it is to take the advice given to Aucassin by a certain knight. "Aucassin," said the knight, "of that sickness of thine have I been sick, and good counsel will I give thee . . . mount thy horse, and go take thy pastime in yonder forest, there wilt thou see the good flowers and grass, and hear the sweet birds sing. Perchance thou shalt hear some word, whereby thou shalt be the better."

The reader will do well to take the knight's advice, and follow into the woodland "the fair white feet of Nicolette."

THE BAILIE'S DOUBLE.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

MUIRTOWN is not a large city from end to end, and boys of high principle and domestic habits used to go home in the dinner-hour and take the meal with their anxious mothers, who seized the opportunity of repairing the rents made in their clothes since morning, and giving them good advice on their behavior. Thoroughly good boys who had been tossed to and fro, much against their will, in the tempest of morning play, were glad to go into harbor, and came back at two o'clock not only revictualled, but also refitted and repainted, for the troubled voyage of the afternoon; and boys not so entirely good as the Dowbiggins, and other models of propriety, still appreciated the home trip, because, although there might be an embarrassing review of garments, and awkward questions might be asked about a mark on the face, there was always a toothsome dainty for a growing laddie, weary with intellectual work and the toils of a snow-fight. As the business of a horse-dealer took Mr. McGuffie senior in various directions, and as in no case were the arrangements of his house, since Mrs. McGuffie's death, of an extremely regular character, there was no meal to which his promising son—the Sparrow—could return with any confidence, and therefore Peter did not make a practice of going home at one o'clock unless there was a special event at the stables, such as the arrival of a new horse, in which case he invited a few friends to an inspection with light refreshments, or unless, having racked his brains to the utmost for four hours, he was still in sheer despair of mischief. With one or two young friends of a like mind, he was accustomed to spend the hour in what might be called extramural studies—rowing over to the island below the bridge against the tide and coming back gloriously with the current; assisting the salmon-fishers to draw their nets and gather the silver spoil; in the happy snow-time, raiding the playground of a rival school when the boys were away and leaving insulting remarks wrought in snow; or attending the

drill of the cavalry on the South Meadow. Like other guerrillas, he carried his bil-tong and mealies with him, and took his meal anywhere and by preference when on the run. Perhaps that was one reason why the Sparrow in after years made one of the best of South African fighters.

When the Sparrow was disinclined for active occupation, and desired to improve his mind by contact with the greater world, he took a cab or hotel 'bus (the box-seat of every one in Muirtown was at the Sparrow's disposal, and his edifying conversation was much enjoyed by the driver), and went to spend his hour at Muirtown Station (which, as everybody knows, is at the shooting-season a spectacle to be classed with Niagara or the Jungfrau for interest, and at any time is worth seeing). It pleased the Sparrow, whose interests were varied and human rather than classical and literary, to receive the English express (or even one from Edinburgh) as it swept into the station, or to see the Aberdeen fast train fairly off; to watch a horse safely entrained, and if necessary to give understanding assistance; and to pass the time of day with the guards, ticket-collectors and carriage-cleaners, the last of whom would allow him as a favor to see the inside of the huge mail-carriage, with its pigeonholes, and its ingenious apparatus for delivering letters at roadside stations while the train passed at full speed. It was an hour of what might be called irregular study, but one never knows what he may pick up if he only keeps his eyes open (and the eyes of Sparrow were as open as a savage's); and it was on a visit to Muirtown Railway Station that Peter found the opportunity for what he ever considered his most successful achievement at the Academy, and one on which the recollection of his companions still fondly dwells.

When a cab passed the Muirtown Arms 'bus at the entrance to the station, and the cabman signaled to Peter on the box-seat of the 'bus, and referred to the contents of the cab with an excited thumb, and great joy on his face, Peter knew that there

would be something worth seeing when the cab emptied at the ticket-office, but he could not have imagined anything so entirely satisfying. First Bailie MacConachie emerged dressed in the famous frock-coat and gray trousers, in the high collar and magisterial stock, but without his usual calm and dignity. His coat was only half buttoned, his tie was a little awry, and although his hat had been slightly tilted to the side on getting out from the cab he was too much occupied to set it right. Instead of clearing his throat as he alighted among the waiting porters, and giving them, as it were, the chance of honoring a live Bailie going forth upon his journey, he did not seem to wish for any public reception, or indeed for any spectators, and in fact had every sign of a man who desired to be incognito.

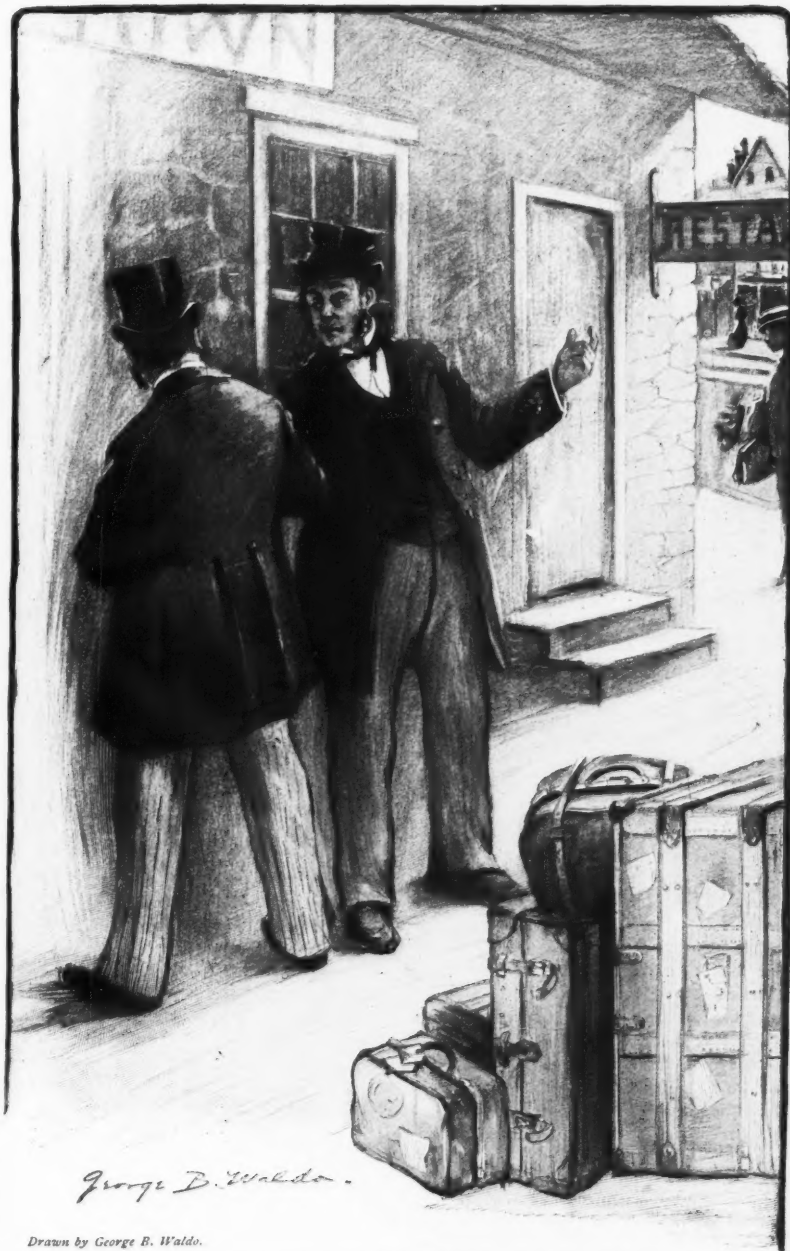
"No, no, I've no luggage to-day," the Bailie hastily explained to an obliging porter, and he stood between the man and the cab so as to block all vision. "Just running down to Dundee on business and—seeing a friend off."

As the embarrassed magistrate endeavored to disperse the porters, the driver, leaning over the roof of the cab, winked with much unction to Peter and indicated to that ingenuous youth that it would be worth while for him to wait and see the mysterious friend. The Sparrow, in fact, understood from all this telegraphic communication that there were going to be circumstances of a quite remarkable character, and in which he—Peter McGuffie—was expected to be personally interested. He dragged Jock Howieson, who was spending the hour with him, behind a pile of luggage, and from this hiding-place they saw, to their utter amazement, a second Bailie come slowly and gingerly, but yet withal triumphantly, out of the cab. The same height as the great man himself, and built after the same pattern, a perfect reproduction also in dress, except that the trousers were baggier, and the coat shabbier, and the collar frayed at the edge, and the hat had the appearance of having been used either as a seat or as a pillow, or perhaps for both purposes at different times. And the air of this second, but by no means ghostly, Bailie was like that of the first—as confident, as mighty, as

knowing, with the addition of a certain joviality of expression and benignant humanity, and a certain indifference to all the trials and difficulties of life which is characteristic of a man who has been "tasting" not wisely but too well.

"Lean on me, James," said the Bailie nervously, as the figure came with a heavy lurch on the pavement. "The faintness may pass off. Take care of your feet," and the Bailie shouldered his double to the ticket-office and propped it against the wall while he went to take the tickets.

It might have been ill and the remarkable walk might have been due to weakness of the heart, for you never can tell and one ought to be charitable, but there was no sign of an invalid about this new Bailie, nor was he at all too exhausted for genial conversation. He explained during the other Bailie's brief absence, to all who were willing to listen, in a style that was rather suggestive than exhaustive, that he had been paying a visit to Muirtown for the good of his health, and that he felt better—in fact, very much better; that where he lived the supply of liquid refreshment was limited, and that in consequence he had suffered through weakness of the heart; that he had intended to stay longer in a place where there was every comfort of life, and that nothing would have induced him to leave but the immoral conduct of his twin brother; that Bailie MacConachie—he was sorry to say, being his brother—was fearfully given to drink, and that he, James MacConachie, could no longer stay with him; that he, his brother, was not fit to be a Bailie and that he was a hypocrite whose judgment would not tarry, and indeed, as he put it, was already pronounced. He also gave a certificate of character to the refreshment to be obtained at the Black Bull, Muirtown, and cheerfully invited any person who had a friendly heart to go with him there and then to drink the Queen's health. On seeing his brother returning, the figure concluded his address—which had been mightily enjoyed by three porters, a couple of Highland drovers, a Perth loafer who had once passed through the police-court when the Bailie was on the bench, and an elderly lady who was anxious that a doctor should be sent for—by explaining once more that his



Drawn by George B. Waldo.

"THE TWO BAILIES LEFT THE TICKET-OFFICE TOGETHER."

brother was a gentleman beside whom the Pharisees were straightforward and honorable members of society.

As the procession was again formed and the two Bailies left the ticket-office together—one of them waving a regretful farewell to his sympathetic congregation—the boys executed a war-dance of triumph, because the contrast between the twin brethren afforded just that kind of comedy which appeals to a boy's heart, and because they had an instinct that the incident would be of service in the war between the Bailie and the Academy, which had gone on for a year and showed no signs of closing.

"The Bailie keeps him oot o' sight somewhere in the country, I'll warrant," said Sparrow to Jock, in great spirits, "and there's naeboddy in Muirtown kens he's got a twin brother. Dod, Jock, he's juist the very eemage of him, and he's got a suit o' his auld clothes on. It would take Doctor Manley himself, or the chief constable, to tell the one from the ither. Jock Howieson! If you and me could get the use o' that lad we would have a mighty time. I would give my four rabbits and—and my Skye terrier-pup, just for an hour of him." And although they had no hope that circumstances would deal so kindly with them, yet they went on to the platform to see the last of the two Bailies.

Under the influence of the chastening conversation of the senior Bailie, who at first reminded his brother of a drunkard's end, which had no effect, and then threatened to cut off his modest weekly allowance, which had an immediate effect, the figure consented to be taken along the platform, and might even have been safely deposited in its carriage, had not the words, "Refreshment Room," printed in absurdly large type, attracted its attention.

"Div ye see that, man?" said the figure, pointing jubilantly to the board. "I declare it's juist a providence. It's no that I'm thirsty, Bailie, and I canna bear drinkin'; that's never been a fault of mine, though I doubt ye're fallin' into the habit yirsel'. No, I'm no thirsty, but I've a sinkin' at the heart. Ye'll come in and we'll taste together afore we part. I forgive ye onything ye said—I bear no grudge and I'll let ye pay, Bailie." And

the figure had the Bailie almost at the door of the refreshment-room before he could make a stand.

"Mair than I can carry already, Bailie, did ye say? Gude forgie ye. I wonder ye're not black ashamed to say sic a word, and me draggin' ye along the platform and holdin' ye up juist to cover yir character. Well, well, I canna fecht wi' ye, for I'm no the man I was once. The fact is, I havna strength to go another step, and if ye'll no let me get a cordial I'll juist have to sit down on the platform." And the horrified Bailie had to accept the assistance of a porter to support his exhausted brother and to guide him to his carriage.

From an adjacent third-class compartment where the Sparrow and Jock promptly secreted themselves, they heard the senior Bailie's exhortation to his frail kinsman—that he must on no account come out of the carriage; that he must hold his tongue and not talk nonsense to his fellow-travelers; that he must not mention his—the Bailie's—name nor claim to be connected with him; and that he must not come back to Muirtown again until the Bailie sent for him, and all this he must lay to heart as he valued his weekly allowance. The Bailie also expressed his deep regret, which indeed seemed to be very sincere, that he had to leave by the Dundee train before the departure of the slow Fife train by which his double traveled. And when this fact emerged—that the other Bailie was to be left even for five minutes at his disposal—Sparrow threw Howieson's bonnet to the end of the compartment, with his own following, in a rapture of joy.

"Dinna be afraid," said the figure in the compartment to the Bailie on the platform, who was torn between his profitable business engagement at Dundee and the fear of leaving his brother to his own devices. "After the way ye've treated me and put me to shame afore the platform, I wouldna stay another day in Muirtown for a thousand pounds. I'm no angry, Bailie," the figure continued with mournful dignity, "for that's no my speerit, but I'm hurt at yir conduct. Weel, if ye must go ye must and I hear the Dundee engine whistlin', but for ony sake dinna be tastin' in Dundee and disgracin' the family. Drink is an awfu' failin', but ye

canna say I havna warned ye." And as the Bailie hurried to catch the Dundee train the figure shook its head mournfully with the air of one who hopes for the best but who has had too good reason to expect the worst.

"Bailie," said Sparrow, presenting himself with a fine mixture of haste and importance before the figure, which was still moralizing to itself on the evils of drink, "div ye no mind that the Rector o' the Academy is expectin' ye to address the laddies this afternoon, and they'll be waitin' this very meenut in the Latin classroom?" and Sparrow made signs that he should come at once, and offered to secure a cab. The figure could only shake its head, and explain that on account of the disgraceful conduct of a relative who had given way to drink, it had no heart for public appearances, but the idea of a return to the enjoyment of Muirtown was evidently filtering in.

"Are ye no Bailie MacConachie?" demanded Sparrow. "A porter threipit [insisted] that he had seen the Bailie in the Dundee train, but naebody can mistake Bailie MacConachie. The school will be terrible pleased to see ye, Bailie."

"Who said I wasna Bailie MacConachie?" and the figure was plainly roused. "Him in the Dundee train? Laddies, there's a black sheep in every family and that man is a poor, helpless brother o' mine that's taken to bad habits, and I've juist to support him and keep him oot o' sight. It's an awfu' trial," and the figure wept, but immediately brisked itself up again. "Of course I'm Bailie MacConachie. Laddies, wes't at the Black Bull they're expecting me?"

"The very place, Bailie, but ye maun say juist a word at the Academy in passin'," and Sparrow signalled to a ticket-collector who had just come upon the scene. "Would ye mind helpin' Bailie MacConachie oot o' the carriage, for he's forgotten an engagement at the Academy and he's juist a wee thingie faint with the heat."

"It's no the heat, man," as the amazed collector helped the magistrate onto the platform; "it's family trouble. Are ye connected with the Black Bull? Well, at ony rate ye seem a well-behaved young

man, and these are two fine laddies." And outside the station, surrounded by a sympathizing circle of drivers who were entering into the spirit of Sparrow's campaign, this astonishing Bailie warned all men to beware of strong drink and urged them to take the pledge without delay. He also inquired anxiously whether there was a cab there from the Black Bull, and explained that the Rector of the Academy with his laddies was waiting for him in that place of hospitality. He added that he had been on his way to the General Assembly, where he sat as a ruling Elder, and he warmly denounced the spread of false doctrine. But at last they got him into the cab, where, after a pathetic appeal to Sparrow and his companion to learn the catechism and sing the Psalms of David, he fell fast asleep.

By a happy stroke of strategy, Howieson engaged the attention of the sergeant in the backyard, who considered that Jock was playing truant and was anxious to arrest him, while the cabman, fortunately an able-bodied fellow, with Sparrow's assistance induced the Bailie to leave the cab and conveyed him upstairs and to the door of the Rector's class-room. At this point, the great man fell into low spirits and bemoaned the failure of a strenuous life in which he had vainly fought the immorality of Muirtown, and declared that unless he obtained an immediate tonic he should succumb to a broken heart. He also charged Sparrow with treachery in having brought him to the county jail instead of to the Black Bull. It was painfully explained to him that he was now in the Academy, and within that door an anxious school was waiting for him—Bailie MacConachie—and his address.

"Who said I wasna Bailie MacConachie? and that I was a drunken body? I'll teach them to smuggle me oot o' Muirtown as if I was a waukie [disreputable character]. He thinks I'm at Leuchars, but I'm here," with much triumph, "and I'm Bailie MacConachie," with much dignity. And the Bailie was evidently fully awake.

"Losh keep's, laddies, what am I saying?—family trouble shakes the mind. Take the pledge when you're young, laddies, and ye'll no regret it when you're old. I've been an abstainer since the age of ten.

Noo, laddie," with much cunning, "if I am to address the school, what think ye would be a fine subject, apairt from the catechism, for it's a responsibility, especially me being a Bailie. If ye can mind onything, laddie, I'll give ye sixpence next time we meet."

Although Sparrow was reticent in the class, for reasons that commended themselves to his practical judgment, he had a rich wealth of speech upon occasions, and he fairly drilled into the head of Bailie MacConachie's double that it had been a very foolish thing for him—the Bailie—to quarrel with the Academy about their playground upon the meadow, and an act of unchristian bitterness to strike him—the Sparrow—upon the head and nearly injure him for life, but that he—the Bailie—was sorry for all his bad conduct, and that he would never do the like again as long as he was Bailie of Muirtown. And Sparrow concluded, while the cabman stood open-mouthed with admiration, "Ye micht juist say that ye have an awfu' respect for me—Sparrow, ye know."

"I'll be sure to do that," said the delighted Bailie, "for it's a fact. You're a fine laddie and have a fearsome power o' the gab [mouth]. I expect to see ye in the pulpit yet, but, keep's a', it's time I was at the Black Bull, so ye micht juist slip in and tell the Rector I'm at the door—Bailie MacConachie, of Muirtown."

Had it been the class-room of Bulldog, master of mathematics, arithmetic and writing—and, it might also be added, master of discipline—the Sparrow would as soon have ventured into his presence on such an errand as into the lions' den of the traveling menagerie which had recently visited Muirtown and at which he had spent many an unlicensed hour. But the Rector was that dear delight of boys, a short-sighted, absent-minded, unsuspicious scholar, who lived in a world of his own with Homer and Horace, and could only be fairly roused (to sorrow) by a false quantity or (to joy) by a happy translation.

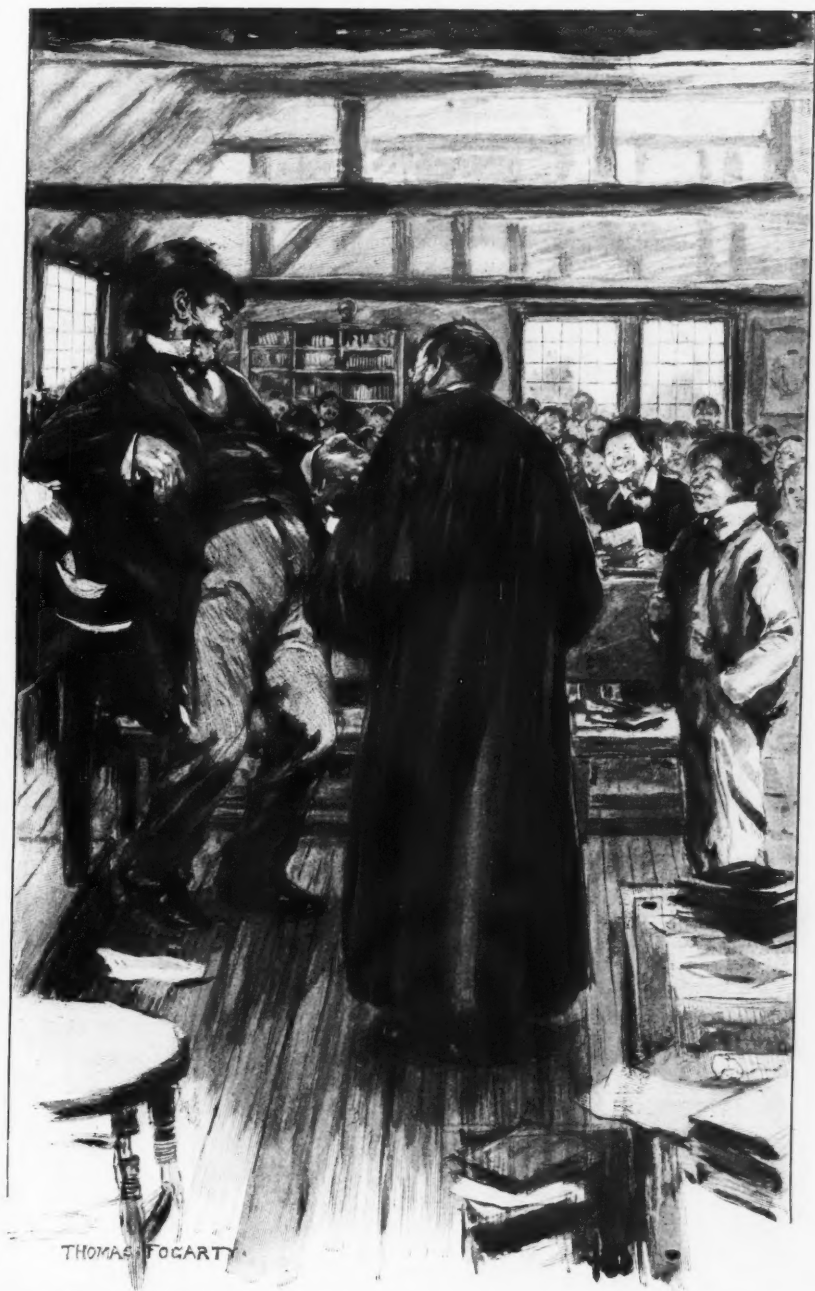
Muirtown Academy had an inexhaustible confidence in Sparrow's genius for mischief and effrontery of manner, but the Rector's class sat breathless when Peter came in with an unshaken countenance and politely intimated to the Rector that a

magistrate of Muirtown had com: and desired to speak to the school. Before the Rector could fairly withdraw himself from a cunning phrase of Horace's, or the school had energy to cheer, the wonderful Bailie was launched into the room, with almost too much vigor, by the cabman, who remained in the shadow and whispered a last direction to "Keep up your head and hold to the right." They had forgotten—Sparrow's only oversight—to take off the Bailie's hat, which was set jauntily on the side of his head, and the course which he took through the room was devious and mainly regulated by the furniture, while his expression was a fine blend of affable dignity and genial good humor. "Gosh!" exclaimed Bauldie, and he liberated the feeling of the class, who understood that their enemy had been delivered into their hands, and that Peter McGuffie—their own Sparrow—had been the means thereof. Yet could it be the case? Yes! It was the very countenance line by line, and the very clothes piece by piece, though looking a trifle shabby, of the premier Bailie of Muirtown, and it was evident that he had been "tasting," and that very freely.

"I am—ch—proud to bid you welcome, Mr. Bailie," said the Rector, bowing with old-fashioned courtesy, and not having the faintest idea what like was the figure before him. "We are always delighted to receive a visit from any of the magistrates of the city, who are to our humble school" (and here the Rector was very gracious) "what Mæcenas was to Horace, whose 'Curiosa Felicitas' we are now studying. Is it your pleasure, Mr. Bailie, to examine the school?"

During this courteous reception the Bailie came to rest upon a desk, and regarded the Rector's flowing gown with unconcealed admiration, which indeed he indicated to the school by frank gestures.

"It would be a great satisfaction to hear the laddies answer 'The Chief End of Man' and to say just a word to them about good conduct, but you and me has an engagement and ye ken where we're expected. I juist looked in to say——" and here the worthy man's thoughts began to wander, and he made an indistinct allusion to the Black Bull, so that Sparrow had to prompt him severely from behind.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"YOUR MAISTER HAS AN ENGAGEMENT WI' ME, AND HE'LL NO BE BACK FOR AN HOUR."

"Aye, aye, we're all poor frail creatures, and I'm the last man to hurt the feelings of the Academy. Academy laddie myself, prize medal Greek. Bygones be bygones! . . . No man in Muirtown I respect more than . . . Sparrow, an honorable tradesman," breaking away on his own account with much spirit, "a faithful husband and an affectionate father. What? All a mistake from beginning to end. Family trouble did it, conduct of a relative ——" and the Bailie wept. Bailies and other municipal dignitaries were a species of human beings so strange and incalculable to the Rector that he was hardly amazed at anything they might say, and having some vague idea that there had been a quarrel between the Academy and some Bailie or other about something or other, some time or other, he concluded that this was an official intimation that the quarrel was over, and that it was in style and allusion according to the habits of municipal circles.

"It is," he responded, bowing again, "my grateful duty as Rector of the Academy to thank you for your presence here to-day—the Mercury of the Gods, if I may so say—and for your courteous intimation that the—eh—controversy to which you—eh—have delicately alluded is healed. Any dispute between the Council and the Academy could have only a favorable issue. 'Amantium iræ amoris integratio' has had another illustration, Mr. Bailie. But it would please us that you should hear the class translate the ode we have in hand, which happens to be 'Ad Sodales.' " And a boy began to translate "Nunc est bibendum."

"Time to drink, did ye say?" and the Bailie, who had been taking a brief nap, was immediately conscious. "Man, ye

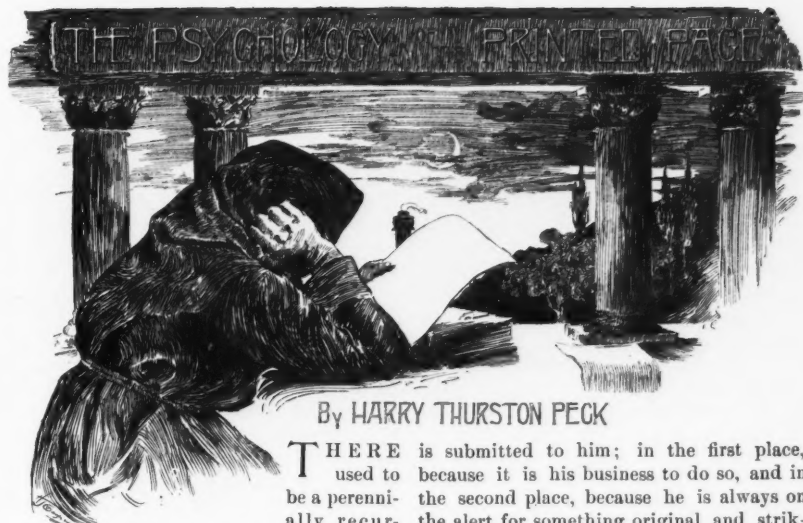
never said a truer word. Work hard at your lessons, laddies, and for ony sake dinna forget the catechism. Your maister has an engagement wi' me, and he'll no be back for an hour. Come awa', man," in a loud whisper to the amazed Rector, "it's time we were off." And the Bailie, making a hurried rush for the door, found himself in the arms of the school sergeant, who had caught the sound of the uproar in the class-room and suspected trouble.

"Preserve us a', body and soul," cried the Crimean veteran, as he brought the Bailie to an equilibrium. "Could onybody have expected this?" And then, with much presence of mind, he closed the door of the Latin class-room and conducted the Bailie downstairs to his cab, while the magistrate remonstrated that the Rector was coming with him, and that both were going to discuss the higher education of youth at the Black Bull.

"Na, na, Bailie," said the sergeant. "It's no to the Black Bull, or ony other bull, ye're to go this afternoon, but back to yere ain hoose. If ye maun taste, would it no have been more respectable to keep indoors instead of making an exhibition of yerself afore the Academy? It's no becomin' in a magistrate, and it's mighty bad for the laddies."

It was the sergeant who delivered the astonishing figure at the blameless home of Bailie MacConachie, although it is right to say that this visit was not at all in the plan and called forth a vigorous protest from the Bailie's substitute. And to the day of his death the real and proper Bailie spent his spare time in explaining to an incredulous public that he had never "tasted" in his life, and that on the day in question he had been transacting private business in Dundee.





ring gibe directed against amateurs in writing, and especially against women amateurs, to the effect that the "copy" which they sent to editors was usually in the form of manuscript written on both sides of the paper and tied with a blue ribbon. In these days, even amateurs know better than to do a thing like that; yet neither they nor many professional writers and makers of literature consider with sufficient care the value and the very serious importance of the external form in which their thoughts, their narratives, and their descriptions are laid before the editor and, after him, the public. The subject is not a trifling one; and an analysis of it and of some of the elementary principles that underlie it is well deserving of attention.

To go back to the very beginning, why is it better, in submitting anything to an editor or to the reader for a publishing-house, to have it typewritten rather than to send it in the form of manuscript? Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred will answer immediately: "Oh, because type-writing is easier to read than handwriting; and very likely an editor won't bother over a manuscript, where if it had been typewritten he would be quite willing to examine it." That theory has no truth in it, at least according to the meaning which it is intended to convey. An editor or a publisher's reader examines everything that

is submitted to him; in the first place, because it is his business to do so, and in the second place, because he is always on the alert for something original and striking, and he never knows before reading it whether even the roughest scrawl may not contain something that is worth his while. The real advantage of the typewritten copy over the manuscript is one that depends upon a principle to which Herbert Spencer was the first to call attention and upon which Professor Brander Matthews is very justly fond of laying a great deal of stress. This is the principle of the Economy of Attention, and its relation to the subject now under discussion ought to be well weighed by everyone who writes for publication. When this is done it will be apparent why it is more advantageous for an author to have his copy read in a typewritten form rather than in his own handwriting. In examining any piece of literary work with intelligence and critical judgment it is greatly to be desired that the mind should not be distracted from the real task before it, and that it should be directed wholly to the thought, the style, and the feeling of the writer and to nothing else whatever. Now, in reading a manuscript written in almost anyone's chirography, the mind cannot possibly concentrate its whole attention on the only things that really count. First of all, some little time is necessary to adjust one's eye to the ordinary peculiarities of the writing; and this, at the very outset, divides the attention and makes necessary a conscious effort which is unfavorable to

concentrated thought. Then, again, there are always special peculiarities which occur and re-occur; and every time that one of these is met, it checks to some extent the current of thought and, if often repeated, results in giving a blurred impression in place of one that is clean-cut and distinct. Of course, when the handwriting is very bad, this is all very much intensified; and it often happens that when the reader has laid down the manuscript, he can remember very little about its contents because his attention has been so greatly divided that he has really given the larger part of it to the purely mechanical difficulties of his task.

But there is something else which is less obvious than what has just been described, though fully as important. In reading manuscript, you necessarily and because of the reasons already mentioned, read it line by line—sometimes almost word by word; whereas if it is set forth in printed letters you get a certain perspective and a certain completeness as you read, so that you see not only the isolated expressions and the separate phrases, but also their relation to what goes before and to what comes immediately after. In other words, you can criticize the writer's sense of unity and harmony and proportion. Reading anything in manuscript is like judging an army by inspecting each soldier individually; while reading a printed page is like seeing an army in the field and watching its evolutions, which exhibit not only the individual soldiers, but the formation and the inter-relation of companies, battalions, regiments, and brigades. It is, indeed, impossible to judge accurately any piece of literary work until you read it with a perfect unconsciousness of everything that is external to the writer's thought and his expression of it. The typography, the mechanical means by which thought and expression pass through the eye into the brain, ought to be like a sheet of flawless crystal, so clear that you can gaze through it without ever being conscious that it is there. To my mind, indeed, the innermost soul of any literary creation can never be seen in all its clarity and truth until one views it through the medium of the printed page, in which there must be absolutely nothing to divide attention, to interrupt

the thought, or to offend one's sense of form.

This last remark inevitably opens up another phase of the subject that we have been considering, and it takes us into a wider and more interesting field. In the printed page, apart from typographical errors (which, as they are mere accidents, need not be mentioned), what is it that may enter to divide attention and to offend our sense of form? And moreover, if the typographical arrangement can interfere with one's pleasure and can do something to mar the effect of what we read, may it not be possible, on the other hand, that there are certain principles of typographical arrangement which if properly observed may augment that pleasure and heighten the satisfaction of the reader without his ever being conscious of the cause, just as some of Mr. Swinburne's concealed alliterations charm the ear and give to the lines a hidden harmony whose source we do not recognize until we come to analyze the verses scientifically? Or, to put the question more directly, can an author by taking thought about the typographical arrangement of his printed work give to that work a greater power to interest and attract than it would possess were its arrangement left to the mercies of the proof-reader and compositor who follow blindly an "office system"? I think decidedly that he can. In fact, I would go still further and say that while a really interesting book cannot be made dull nor a dull book interesting, even by a psychological typographer, it is entirely possible to print an interesting book in such a way that at first sight it shall seem to be a dull one and in like manner to print a dull book in such a way that at first sight it shall seem to be interesting. Every one of us has many times picked up a book and turned its pages over in a casual sort of way and then put it down with the remark, "That looks like a tiresome sort of book," or again, "That book looks readable." How is it that we form such judgments as these? Why does one book look tiresome and another look attractive? For either opinion there is always a good and sufficient reason, and it would be well if authors, in their own interest, would try to learn just what the reason is. A book is like a human

being. You meet a person for the first time and your immediate impression of him is necessarily based upon what is wholly superficial. You judge him by his face, his manner, his voice, and even by his clothes; and you are attracted or repelled by the combination of all these purely extraneous attributes. Further acquaintance may show that your first impression was incorrect. The man whose eye is dull, whose manner is awkward, and whose appearance is slovenly, may turn out to have an interesting mind and a heart of gold. Another, whose face attracts you, whose manners are perfect, and whose personal appearance is immaculate, may have an empty head or an evil heart. But just as it would be better if all of us could possess not only internal merit but external polish, so is it also with a book. In what way, then, can the typography of a printed page contribute to the reader's interest without dividing his attention? There enter here two principles, of which the first is the principle of Variety, and the second the principle of Fitness. Both of them in part subserve the principle of Economy of Attention.

The principle of Variety is first involved in the division of the text into paragraphs. This is the first step toward making the printed page take on an interesting look. A solid unbroken mass of words is of all things the most repellent to the person who takes up a volume and looks it over; for here solidity of appearance is taken as synonymous with heaviness and even dullness of content. This effect is largely eliminated and the page is noticeably lightened as soon as it is judiciously paragraphed. We then feel that our author is not wearily pursuing a single train of thought, but that he possesses the mental mobility which allows him to shift his ground before he becomes monotonous. The division into paragraphs, however, should be very carefully made, and not in any arbitrary fashion; since the perfect paragraph contains the development of a single idea, and it ought not to end until that development has been fully rounded out. There is, however, almost always a slight transition in the thought as one develops it, from one phase to another, and at this point of transition a new paragraph may always

very properly begin. Too short paragraphs are quite as bad as paragraphs that are too long; for while the latter make the page seem heavy, the former make it seem scatterbrained and scrappy, as though the writer had dashed from one idea to another without giving adequate treatment to any one of them. This is a great defect in many of the books that are printed in France, which sometimes commence a new paragraph almost with every sentence. I fancy that this practice began with the *feuilletonistes* of the Parisian journals, who are paid by the line and who, in paragraphing liberally, eke out a few more francs by splitting up their text without any reference to unity or continuity. In writing novels, a solid paragraph is a bad thing to begin with. The reader has not as yet become interested; and when he meets at the outset a long piece of description or a diffuse preliminary explanation he feels that he is being compelled, as it were, to work his way into the story and to submit to a certain amount of boredom before his interest is aroused. This is a terrible defect in Sir Walter Scott's first novel, *Waverley*, wherein the real action of the story does not commence until one reaches the end of about forty pages of almost irrelevant discourse. That was a leisurely and easy-going age, and the traditions of Mademoiselle de Scudéry still lingered in it. Were *Waverley* to appear to-day for the first time, it is doubtful whether any one would ever have the patience to get far enough along in it to discover that it is, after all, a work of genius. The novel which commences with a conversation is the novel which commences best. When you take it up, you see that there is no preliminary penance to be exacted of you, but you can plunge at once into the middle of the action; whereas the long introductory paragraph gives you the same feeling that you have whenever you make a call and are kept for half an hour waiting in the drawing-room, with this additional disadvantage in the case of the novel that you are not even aware in advance whether the person on whom you are calling is one whom you will really care to see after all.

Variety and lightness are still further gained by the judicious use of capital letters, of italics, of quotation-marks, and some-

times, though sparingly, of a line or two of verse which requires the use of a smaller type. Capital letters, of course, come in mainly through the employment of proper names. In novels and stories this, from the nature of the case, adjusts itself. In other kinds of writing, however, as for instance in essays and exposition, the author ought to bear the point in mind. Lest some one should say that this is an absurdly mechanical way of looking at literary composition, I would point out that the principle involved rests upon a very sound psychological basis. Why, in an essay, for example, does a page appear to be more readable when it contains a number of words commencing with capital letters? It is not merely because these letters afford variety to the eye, but it is because they indicate that the writer is not indulging in generalities or in abstractions, but that he is giving concrete instances, illustrations, and examples—in other words, that he is interesting. For in all writing, the strongest effects are produced by the citation of specific instances, since these come home with the greatest force to the reader's mind—a principle laid down by Horace when he said that the story-telling Homer was a more effective teacher of moral philosophy than was the abstract reasoner, Chrysippus. Italics, here and there employed, are another very useful means of securing the effect of variety. Used to indicate the title of a book, the name of a ship, or the introduction of a foreign word or phrase, they give the impression of vivacity and color and never fail to catch the eye as one looks along the printed page. Quotation-marks are even more valuable as a means to the same end. They embody a suggestion of something piquant, unexpected, or unusual, because they imply that the writer has quoted something that is particularly worth the attention of the reader. By all these devices, therefore, a printed page may be transformed, in appearance at least, from one that is characterless and tiresome into one that has the outward indications of attractiveness and interest.

Some one may say, of course, that the principle of Variety seems on the face of it quite contradictory of the principle of Economy of Attention. Does not variety

itself imply an attention that is divided? Hardly; for the variety which interests and which is an essential part of an impression as a whole is one of the most powerful factors in riveting attention upon the work in hand. Indeed, there are few things more fatal than monotony to continuous and undiverted mental effort. Take down a volume of Lucretius and read three pages of his poetry aloud. His hexameters have the same majestic roll and cadence that mark the later lines of Vergil; but in Lucretius this roll and cadence soon take on a certain sameness, so that presently you discover that your thoughts are wandering from his argument to other things, and that you are conscious only of the sound. With the hexameters of Vergil this is not the case, since he has introduced into them the principle of Variety by contriving with consummate art so many delicate changes of rhythm, so many shiftings of the *cæsura*, and so delightful a diversity in the division of his lines, as to destroy monotony and thereby keep the mind intent upon what he is saying, while the ear is still ravished by his harmonies.

The principle of Fitness is the principle which controls and subtly limits the principle of Variety, and in doing so subserves, as I have said, the principle of the Economy of Attention. Its essence is good taste and a sensitive appreciation of what is allowable. For, while variety is always to be sought, it must be discreetly sought and in a way that will gently stimulate the attention and not distract it. For example, in the use of capital letters, apart from proper names in the strictest definition of that term, there are many words regarding which diversity prevails. Shall we capitalize such titles as "Czar," "Mikado," "King"? Yes, when they relate to a specific czar, mikado or king, but not when they are otherwise employed. In the first instance they are truly proper names and they bring to the mind a distinctly personal and definite conception. Hence, to capitalize them gives variety to the appearance of the printed page, thus not only catching the attention of the reader, but retaining it; whereas to print "the czar," "the mikado" and so forth, since it is not what one is looking for, gives us pause and checks, if ever so

slightly, the general train of thought. So with certain other words that stand out as important. There is a newspaper that I have in mind which is guilty of such anomalies and crudities as "Park row," "Maiden lane," "Grand street," "War office," and "Land league"—expressions in which the last word is just as much a part of the name as is the first—and also "dreibund," "treaty of Paris," and "declaration of independence." These last are quite as specific, as important and as individual as the names of persons; so that when you find a neglect to capitalize them properly, you stop for the moment in your reading, your thought wanders from the subject, and you feel a little stirring of resentment which puts you, half unconsciously, out of sympathy with the writer. On the other hand, to use capitals lavishly, as a German does and as Carlyle did, is an affectation which equally offends you; for it also hinders mental concentration.

As to the use of inverted commas, or quotation-marks, a whole treatise might be written, but the general principles can be summed up briefly. The misuse of quotation-marks is the surest sign of the amateur in writing. It is the hall-mark of the literary novice. Let me cite a passage written by me on this subject a year or two ago;—

Apart from their principal function of indicating actual quotations of what some one else has said, quotation-marks may be made to serve two distinct purposes. The first is the purpose of indicating that the writer has used a word or a phrase that is a little unusual and of showing that he is perfectly aware of the fact. The unusual word or phrase may be one that has just come into use and is not yet generally known; or it may embody an allusion that is a little abstruse; or it may perhaps be just a bit undignified. In the first two instances the quotation-marks mean that the writer desires to avoid the responsibility of the quoted words; in the third instance they explain that he is well aware that he is unbending a little too much, and wishes to have it known that he does not usually employ that sort of diction. In all these cases they convey a tacit apology. Now the literary amateur shows his amateurishness by not knowing precisely what words and phrases fall under these several heads. If he is the editor of a country newspaper, he will write (with quotation-marks) of "the wee sma' hours" in which the surprise party to the village pastor terminated; and he will describe the local tavern-keeper as "our genial host." If he is a somewhat less rudimentary person, he will perhaps quote such expressions as "survival of the fittest" and "new woman" and "fin de siècle," and "epoch-making." To say that a thing is epoch-making is, of course, entirely proper;

but an experienced writer knows that all cultivated men and women are now perfectly familiar with this importation from the German, and so he would not dream of setting it off by quotation-marks, since it is already naturalized in our every-day vocabulary.

The second use of quotation-marks is to convey a sort of contempt when one employs an expression which is rather usual and by amateurs regarded as allowable, but which the professional person wishes to discredit. Such are the words "brainy," "talented," "locate" and a host of others. Mr. E. L. Godkin is a master of the art of making a current phrase ridiculous by this typographical device. Such political expressions as "point with pride," "jamming it through," "visiting statesmen," "something equally as good" and "a friend to silver" have been so pilloried by him in this way that only an amateur can now ever dream of using them with any serious intent.

A regard for the principle of Fitness will take all these things into careful account and will never dismiss them as of slight importance. Side by side also with other typographical matters is the question of punctuation, which most writers unwisely leave wholly to the compositor and proof-reader in the belief that punctuation is a purely mechanical and formal thing for which there exist definite, rigid rules which can be applied by any one. There never was a more egregious error. There are rules for punctuation as there are rules for painting and rules for elocution; but these rules are for the guidance of the ignorant beginner in his earliest attempts. They do not guide the finished artist or the consummate orator. And so with punctuation. Its rules are general rules, and at the best are only roughly true. The higher punctuation has an unrecognized, yet in its way an important share in aiding the perfect utterance of recorded thought. It rests wholly upon psychological principles, since it is a device to make the writer's meaning absolutely unmistakable, and hence it, too, is an expression of his personality.

The summing up of the whole subject is that the arrangement, the typographical system, and the punctuation of the printed page, if studied carefully and with discrimination, can do very much for any author. A knowledge of them cannot mar the fortunes of a book that ought to live, nor can it save a book that ought to die. But it may secure for the first a quicker recognition, and it may sometimes preserve the latter from that severest condemnation of the critic which takes the form of an impenetrable silence.



THE TRAVELS OF PRINCE WEARY-HEART.

BY O'NEILL LATHAM.

Illustrated by the author.

ONCE upon a time, a charming Prince (and the Muse of Fairy Tales forbend that one should write of any other sort while these are to be had for a dip in the ink), while riding from the jousts where he had, incognito, punished forty-two objectionable knights in single combat and strewn the lists with helmet plumes (and let us have 'em valiant or not have 'em at all!), was strangely sunk in ennui and disaffection.

The gentle squire that, alone, attended him, with scrupulous deference maintained a nice distance between his humble bit of horseflesh and his liege's noble animal, from whose haughty flanks depended housings of velvet and cloth-of-gold which swept the wayside flowers. He was not unaware of the force and precision sometimes suddenly discovered in an ennuié, mailed and royal toe.

On they sped through green glades and

forgotten by-paths until they had left the noise and triumph of the tourney far behind; for hours they had been seen by no one more important than a jack-rabbit who blinked, embarrassed by the princely bravery; and the lowly spirit of the squire, observing the fall of even, began lingeringly to dwell upon the mental image of a haunch of venison and a pot of ale.

His reverie, however, was broken in upon by his princely master's abruptly flinging at his head his crested casque and shaking out his crushed and shining ringlets to the wind. The buckler and lance followed, and as the astonished varlet was picking them from the ground, a full purse fell beside him and he heard himself dismissed from service by a rapidly disappearing royalty whose horse's hoofs seemed scarcely to bend the daffodils o'er which they flew.

The mild squire rode gently back to the



QUEEN GUINEVERE AND THE FAIRY SEXTONS.

nearest town, and after having spent all that the purse contained, pawned the buckler and helmet, which were beautifully embossed and inlaid with the precious metals, and had what he called "a perfect time."

The Prince had ridden long and it was quite dusk when he came upon a fairy urchin sitting on a stone, who in a sociable way asked him where he was going.

"To Oblivion," replied the Prince.

"Well, well, how painful; my goodness me!" said the sprite, "you quite bring the tears; and you so good-looking, too, in your way—though I prefer blond princes, myself—they're no end jollier as a rule."

"Can you point me the best way?" sternly demanded his Highness, shaking his ebony locks in the face of criticism.

"Why, of course I can, but I warn you it's an extremely long trip back. What on earth are you so set upon it for?"

The other leaned upon his horse, gloomily replying:

"I'm weary of the wars, (quoth he) the joust is deuced slow.

I'm weary of the sweetest dame that makes the bravest show;

The fairest damsels bore me so, though fair as damsels go.

"Erstwhile, I fought for this and that, as valiant as my sires;

Erstwhile, I sought the Holy Grail and woke the minstrels' lyres—

But now quite out are all my fires and stilled are my desires.

"The splendor of those old desires, I must confess, I rue;

It irks me that my snowy fame admits—a shade or two.

In fact, good sir, I'm blue as blue—but what is that to you?"

As he finished, the sprite, yawning behind a wild-rose leaf, with all his heart pointed down a shadowy path to the west.

"That way till you come to the Field of Red Flowers," he said, "and perhaps you would better hurry along"; then, in a lower voice, emphatically added, "Blond princes for me *any* day!" And the Prince, without further delay, although he really had three more stanzas up his sleeve, put spurs to his horse and rode away, straight into Fairyland.

The moon was high when he arrived,

and straightly shone upon the Flowers of Oblivion, which hung heavy with their dews, and when he stooped, in spite of that pallid light, he saw they were glowing red—great reaches of them that seemed to bleed—and *calling, calling him to sleep.*

He stood musing a moment, then loosed his horse with a caress; it paused with wistful looks, but at the command moved slowly off, and he listened to the retreating hoof-beats till they were too remote, then wrapping his mantle about him, above his silver hauberk, he flung himself down among the tangled poppies.

Now, what the Prince had failed to observe about the Field of Red Flowers was that it was nothing more nor less than an enchanted fairy cemetery, and, in point of fact, he was sleeping among the graves and in imminent danger of being discovered by the business-like little Fairy Sextons and made to get up and buy a grave for himself like a respectable Prince instead of dying just anywhere, in that haphazard fashion, like a June-bug.

Fortunately, however, he was not discovered, although they were bustling about all night, attending to new-comers. It was toward morning, and the moonlight had grown oblique upon the poppies, when one of these, a mournful lady, and her train of maidens, accosted one of the little Sextons.

"Oh, yes, you are looking for a nice grave, madam," he blandly said. "I am sure we can suit you; we have a great variety—all excellent—attractive upland graves where the winds stir the flowers constantly, or, as some prefer, we have those still, low, valley graves, very prettily situated, with a rivulet, et cetera. Your name, please?"

"It is her Majesty Guinevere," whispered one of her attendants.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed the fairy.

"I am looking for his grave," said the poor Queen, in a voice so low as scarcely to be heard above the faint night-wind that stirred the robe about her lovely feet.

"Sir Launcelot's? Why, of course. Just step this way, please," and the jaunty little Sexton started briskly down a certain path. It was a moment before he observed that she had not moved to follow him, when

"SHE MEETLY OBEYED, AND LIKE A WREN, BEGAN IMMEDIATELY TO PIPE."



he came trotting back, muttering something rather forcible about queens and women in the fairy language.

"It is not Launcelot's, but the King's she seeks," again whispered one of her women.

"What! Well, the inconsistency of women!" he cried, but in an instant resumed his professional air. "Step this way—step this way. You will observe, in passing, ladies, the perfect order and precision of our arrangements here." He waved his little lantern here and there down several paths and sections of the grounds, adding:

"You see, all neatly classified
With how and why and where they died—
All quite exact, you see.
Here lie some dead of love despised,
Of joy too deeply realized,
And some of calumny—
And here poor lovers wearied sore,
Who sued in vain, now sue no more:
Well loved in dreams they be——"

"How very nice," exclaimed one of Guinevere's attendants, feeling some polite comment rather called for, and their guide, looking very haughty in a fairy way at the interruption, now paused perilously near to the spot where our charming Prince lay sleeping with dew upon his face.

"Here is Arthur's place, madam," the Sexton said. "See, among the 'Love Despised.' But I am very much afraid you will not be permitted to have your grave here. We are very particular about their not being disturbed. They need their rest so, poor souls! However, I shall inquire."

He made a call like that of a night-bird, and there came, trooping with noiseless feet, all the cemetery fairies, fair as flowers, and swinging little lanterns among the tall and clustering poppies. They were very gentle and tender sprites, but it seemed as if nothing the hapless Guinevere could say would move them to give her place beside the sleeping King. Their voices were as low and plaintive as her own, so that their discourse lulled the weary sleepers underground, like a cradle-song. With a long sigh, she began:

"Lay, oh, lay me softly by his side,
For I was his bride.
'Nay, oh nay, too sweet, too sweet a bed.'
'Then I'll lie crosswise just above his head
Spirits, lay me there and have an end—
Once I was his friend.'

"No, ah no, for thou wouldst vex his sleep—
There young flower-roots creep."

'Low, ah, low I'll rest me by his face,
Sweet, so sweet, where sitteth God's fair grace.'
'That cannot be a bed for thee—
It is a holy place.'

"Doom, ah doom, then put me at his feet;
Yea, that would be meet.
Tomb, ah tomb, entomb me where they rest,
Pale, pale and cold—ah, lay them in my breast.'
'Nay, not there; 'twould break his peace for sure—
His feet were pure.'

"Woe, ah woe, fays, let me depart.
Lay me on his heart.
Slow, ah, slow, lower, and let me be,
For his great heart hath forgiven me.'
'Twould throb from its sleep to ban thee away.
Nay, oh nay, nay, nay!"

"Grieve, soul, grieve! Under the high-road wide
Where the horsemen ride,
Leave, oh, leave me, then, 'neath the passing
feet,
Where my breast shall feel the iron hoofs beat,
For I'm 'feared to lie alone in my bed
When I'm dead!"

By this time, almost all the Sextons were weeping into their lanterns, and as they pityingly conducted the distressed lady to the cemetery gates, they told her to come again on the morrow and "they'd see what they could do about it." As she went away, looking really quite cheerful again (I can't permit this tale to grow too dismal! Dear me!), it was unobserved that one damsel was missing from her train, a dancing, joyful creature, scarcely more than a child, who had spied the Prince among the flowers and stolen near to look with lovely eyes and mischievous.

Until the moon went down and the dawn began to whisper in the east, she patiently sat beside him, now drawing his cloak more closely about him with the tips of bashful fingers, now "ducking" her lovely head, as some careful Fairy Sexton flitted by, and now bending low, very low, to scrutinize those heavy eyelids and the sadly folded lips, so weary and so beautiful. Very low, she bent, but we are pleased to chronicle, in the face of whatever other historians may say of it, that she did not—she positively did not. Had it been otherwise, we should have been compelled to lay down a decorous pen.

When the morning had come, however, and the birds had begun splendidly to shout above the enchanted graveyard, she



"PRESSING BOTH HANDS TO HIS BOSOM, IN WHICH THE HEART WAS BROKEN."

permitted herself sundry little drawings of his cloak and callings to awake, which, nevertheless, though repeated several times, had no effect upon those entranced slumbers, in character so near, so very near to death, and she grew almost faint with waiting and half inclined to lay her head on that inhospitable breast and sleep, too. She began a little song, which ran something like this:

"Where young Weary-Heart low lieth,
There the long grass, moving, sigheth,
There red flowers make death fair-seeming,
There dim dreams are his in dreaming—
Where the mateless love-bird crieth,
And some butterfly slow flieth,
Short-lived, lovely, golden-gleaming,
On his bosom, fainting, dieth—
Where young Weary-Heart low lieth."

As she finished, the Prince awoke and addressed his drowsy eyes to hers.

"You have an extremely penetrating voice, my dear young lady."

"It has been often complimented," she modestly replied, at the same time discreetly concealing her delight at his awakening.

"Nevertheless, I should advise you to abstain from using it in these early morning hours. It's really bad for it—bad, very bad," and with great sang-froid he turned upon the other side, composing himself for further slumber; but again she timidly plucked him by the cloak.

"I've waited for you so long," she said, "and brushed the dew away, and sat by you through the chilly night and I might have caught a dreadful cold—and all to be your playmate!"

"If you had known, you couldn't have had the heart to wake me!" he desperately cried. "By the Rood, girl, you don't know what I was forgetting!"

"Some people do wake up so ill-natured!" she complained, then added: "Ah, come on and play. See, what a lovely place for tag and leap-frog," and with a charming spring, she began innocently dancing upon the graves, at which the hearts of the sleepers below beat for a moment with a certain dim pleasure.

The Prince, with a scarcely perceptible gleam of interest, raised himself upon his elbow and shook the night-damp from his locks.

"That is all very nice, my dear young creature," he said at length, with great

reserve, "and at another time I do not deny that I might have found it entertaining, but permit me to say that as yet your mind has not apparently grasped the fact that this place was peculiarly designed for but one purpose—repose, and with your permission, I shall now resume my slumbers."

"In sleep there are dreams. I will be your dream," she suggested with fine amiability.

"Dreams are my abomination!" he muttered, momentarily forgetting his court manners (ordinarily exquisite, I assure you), and with a marked abruptness flinging himself upon the ground.

"Dear me, how very embarrassing!" she murmured; then very hesitatingly adding, "Good-morning," began to tiptoe softly away—but chancing to glance over her shoulder, which, it may be mentioned, was a very pretty thing in the way of a shoulder, she became aware that the Prince's eyes were resting upon her with somewhat less of austerity than before, which development confused her purposes and rendered her departure a little more difficult. She paused, considered, then tripped innocently back for a kerchief, the loss of which she suddenly became aware of, and before going once more, it seemed no more than decent to venture some little apology.

"Dear Prince," she began, "I trust you will not feel my waking you quite inexcusable. It is true, I should have known better, for my dear papa, at home, when disturbed invariably threw things. But"—here she paused and exquisitely blushed—"but, you were so beautiful!"

"Was I, really?" said the Prince with delicate irony, but at the same time smoothing his heavy curls and assuming a somewhat more social expression.

"Ah, you were beautiful," she pursued, "and you really looked like such a *pleasant* Prince, though so tired and so sad. Young Weary-Heart was what I called you, and I pitied you, and sang—"

"Um—yes. Well, I should think so," her companion interjected.

"I really intended it to be very low and soft," she pleaded, "and afterward, I danced to make you smile."

"That is quite impossible, my dear," he said, with great decision, as if to imply "hardly *that* far, I *hope*!"

"I think you would be very handsome

when you smile," she thoughtfully replied, and studied his mouth as if considering it as a quite dispassionate person of an inquiring mind.

"Go away, child, go away," said he, looking in the other direction, "unless, indeed," he added, "you would prefer to sit down and sing me another little song. As I am quite awake now, I think I shouldn't mind it."

She meekly obeyed, and like a wren, began immediately to pipe:

"Blossomed boughs are white above.

Love me.

It is spring and you must love.

Love me.

Boughs are white against the blue.

White my cheek for love of you.

Why not love me?

"If you weary of the skies,

Love me.

Seek the heavens of my eyes.

Love me.

Who loves to-morrow, no man knows;

Love to-day, as loves the rose.

Why not love me?"

"My poor child, those sound very much like the stanzas we used to write in our Friendship Albums in early youth," said her listener, very paternally.

"But why not?" she asked.

"Why not what?"

"Love me?" she finished, and engaged his look with bashful eye.

He peevishly plucked a poppy to pieces, aware that this must be done somewhere in the story.

"Why?" she persisted.

"I suppose you would not care to be the occasion of my death," he said, looking at the broken flower in his hand, and unprepared for the cry of pain with which she received his words. He took her tender hand to reassure her.

"You are a very nice, kind little girl," he said, "but I cannot conveniently love you, for the reason that I have loved too much already. So much have I loved that, in fact, to be frank, I fear another essay would be perilous—fatal. Even the most vigorous hearts can't love on indefinitely, you know——" He was interrupted by the anguish in her innocent countenance, full of solicitude and wonder, and as he paused, she rose and began to steal away.

"Oh, are you going?" he cried.

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "I must go to save you. Why, you *almost loved me!*"

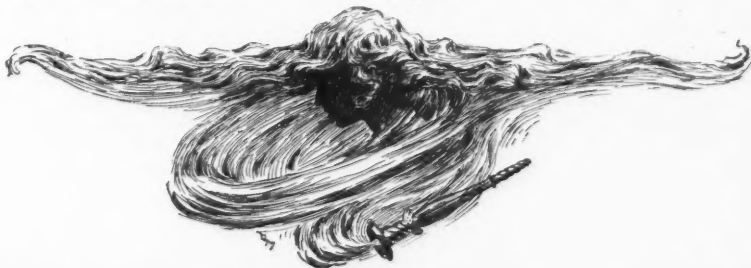
"Oh, no," he very nonchalantly rejoined, forgetting his habitual gallantry in his eagerness to stay her. "Oh, no, indeed; no danger, at all, my dear. Come and sing me some more Autograph Album stanzas."

Before he was aware of it, he had smiled; and half convinced, she flitted back; but in his pleasure at her return, he inadvertently encircled her in his arms and committed the fatal error of pressing her childlike bosom to his heart.

Instantly realizing the peril, she sprang away with a piteous cry. "Now, I have done for you!"

"Not at all, not at all. I do not love you, sweet!" he thundered, but she looked at his eyes, from which the sadness and fatigue had strangely vanished, and at his beautiful face, which shone vivid and joyous beneath his clustering hair. Her conscience smote her, and she retreated before him with trembling limbs.

As she did so, he blindly followed, suddenly pressing both hands to his bosom in which the heart was broken, and fell at her feet, among the waving poppies.



THE UMBRELLA OF JUSTICE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE old Judge leaned wearily upon his desk, listening with a quizzical expression to the impassioned summing-up of counsel for the prisoner. Though it was a murder case, there was no direct evidence to fix the crime upon the accused; and his counsel was conscientiously going through the time-honored argument against circumstantial evidence—an argument his honor had heard many, many times.

Anticipating each step, the Judge knew exactly when the jury would be reminded that it was "better fifty criminals should escape than that one innocent man be condemned," and when they would be called upon to consider that if they "had the slightest reasonable doubt, they were under oath to acquit the prisoner."

Use had dulled the magistrate's sympathies, but there was a straightforward look in the eyes of the man on trial that affected the Judge strongly. While the counsel rehearsed the long array of judicial mistakes, the jurist on the bench was rehearsing mentally the points he meant to make in his charge to the jury. As it took form, the Judge felt that it would be clear, logical and convincing, and would make the lawyer's plea seem foolishly emotional—unworthy of serious consideration by hard-headed men of the world.

Yet—there was something disturbing in the clear eye of the wretched man in the dock. Was he innocent? But the Judge dismissed the thought as unworthy of the legal intellect. He had always believed in the trustworthiness of circumstantial evidence. "Give me," he would say, "the incorruptible testimony of facts, cold facts—that cannot be silenced, confused by a browbeating counsel, or otherwise controverted." His face assumed its usual judicial severity as the counsel for the prisoner closed with an impassioned appeal.

The hush of the court-room was broken as the audience awoke from constraint. The Judge glanced at the clock, and saw with relief that he might adjourn the morning session.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "the court is adjourned. Be promptly in your seats at half-past two."

It was one o'clock, and the usual adjournment had been for one hour, but the Judge had extended the time, that he might execute a little commission intrusted to him by his wife. The day was rainy, and she had decided that she would not need to go downtown if the Judge could do an errand for her during the luncheon hour.

The Judge's wife was coquettish for a lady of her years, and had found that the curling-iron was an adjunct to her toilet-table, and an aid to her charms. To buy a new one was the Judge's commission.

He regretted now that he had undertaken the trust, since he was at times absent-minded, and in remembering the curling-iron, he had forgotten his umbrella—a protection without which he never liked to expose his dignified silk hat to the weather. He made his way on foot to the hairdresser's shop—a shop in a part of the city seldom visited by him—and bought the curling-iron.

To escape the shower, the Judge decided that he would take his luncheon at the first restaurant he came to, in the hope that the rain would be over by the time he had finished eating.

He soon saw a modest restaurant, and deciding, after a hasty glance, that it would do, he entered, walked toward the rear of the room and took his seat at a table by himself.

While the Judge was eating, his mind reverted to the case on trial before him, and he resumed the composition of his charge to the jury. He paid the amount of his check to the waiter—forgetting to give a tip—and then put on his overcoat.

Looking about to see whether he had left anything, the Judge's eye fell upon an umbrella leaning against the wall. It was a nice, new, black-silk, close-rolling umbrella, with an ordinary bamboo handle. In short, an umbrella that might have been the twin brother of the Judge's own, then reposing in the rack in the Judge's hallway at home. The absent-minded jurist, absorbed in his legal problems, recognized the umbrella as his own, picked it up, and started for the door.

The true owner of the umbrella was sitting with his back to the Judge, and saw nothing of this; but his guardian

angel must have warned him. Just as the Judge had reached the door, and paused to open the umbrella, the owner turned—saw the umbrella was gone—recognized it in the stranger's hand—and cried aloud for justice.

"Here, you! Hold on, there! Where are you going with my umbrella? You impudent scamp!"

The Judge turned as the other came hastily toward him. Such words addressed to one used to the greatest deference, were doubly insulting.

"Your umbrella!" he replied, with dignified and withering scorn. "Sir, this is not your umbrella. It is—"

But the words died on his tongue, as he suddenly remembered that he had left his own umbrella at home. Yet he went on, hardly realizing what he was saying.

"If this is yours, where is mine? It's just like it."

"It's nothing to me where yours is," said the other, while the Judge was wondering whether he had told a lie in his confusion.

"Come, drop that," the owner insisted, losing his temper. "This umbrella-stealing is too popular for my taste. You may think yourself lucky I don't call the police!"

"Shall I get an officer?" asked the waiter the Judge had forgotten to tip.

"No, I'm too busy this afternoon. I'll let the rascal go," answered the owner.

"But, my dear sir ——" the Judge began.

"Don't 'my dear sir' me!" was the answer. "I hate a sneak."

"I'm a respectable man," the Judge broke out. "Do you know the name of Judge——"

Before the magistrate could give his name, the aggressive owner broke in, derisively:

"You may be respectable, as you call it, but you can't carry off my umbrella, all the same. I'm not giving silk umbrellas as premiums for respectability. And as for your friend the Judge, he's probably some peanut politician who'd pick up an umbrella himself if he got a fair chance. No doubt *you* are a 'professor' or 'doctor' or 'judge' yourself. All



Drawn by Gustave Verbeek.

"TO ESCAPE THE SHOWER, THE JUDGE DECIDED THAT HE WOULD TAKE HIS LUNCHEON AT THE FIRST RESTAURANT HE CAME TO."

scamps are, nowadays. My advice to you, old man, is to drop the subject, and skip out of this—lively!"

A group of customers and waiters were looking on, grinning and chuckling with approval. The Judge saw that public opinion was against him; and he could not deny that the "cold facts" were against him, too. If it had been anything but an umbrella!

He saw that there was a question of making an afternoon of it—or of instant flight. Suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Sir," he remarked, with hauteur, "I will give you my card."

This sobered the group for an instant, and they looked on respectfully as the Judge took out his pocketbook and drew forth a bit of pasteboard—the prima-facie proof of respectability.

But—fate was against him. As the Judge drew forth the only card the pocketbook contained, a single glance showed him that he was lost. It read:—

"Raoul von Leczynski
Hair-
Dresser."

It was the address-card given him by his wife that morning. He hastily replaced it in his pocket-book, and looked blankly at his accusers.

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the owner of the umbrella administered the coup de grâce by the remark:

"Bluff didn't go, did it, old Skeezicks? Come—clear out, quick!"

There may be heroic souls who would have risen to the occasion. But the Judge did not. His temper was at boiling-point, and he saw he must punch the fel-

low's head or leave at once. He turned and fled, asking only to escape.

When the court was again in session, the Judge—who had been a little late—proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury. It was a forcible plea against being misled by appearances, a warning against precipi-

tation in judgment. Though the form of impartiality was maintained, the spirit of mercy informed and inspired every sentence.

The prisoner listened with amazement. Some subtle magnetism conveyed to him the assurance that the Judge favored an acquittal. The lawyers, the jury, the lookers-on in the courtroom, felt the turn of the tide. The Judge instructed the jury that previous good character was entitled to much weight

as against circumstantial evidence; and though his words were beyond exception, every soul within hearing glowed in the fervor of his eloquence, and all looked for an acquittal.

"Not guilty!" said the foreman, when the jury returned from a short absence—and the life of an innocent man was saved. Only an umbrella had been between him and the sentence of death.



Drawn by Gustave Verbeek.

"THE JUDGE SAW THAT PUBLIC OPINION WAS AGAINST HIM."

A VIEW OF PIERPONT MORGAN AND HIS WORK.

BY E. C. MACHEN.

A PAPER in the April COSMOPOLITAN commenting upon the latest developments in financial and business consolidations, closes with the inquiry, "What is the meaning of money after it has reached a few millions?" To this the writer adds, with a touch of grim humor, "It has no significance to its owner." Perhaps not, I remark, any personal use or significance, but very much indeed in the collective force and representative sense of—*power*! This is the modern attribute at least of possession.

This answer fits the issues which the writer presented with such lucidity and force. It is the only answer, too, that meets our American and business demand for reply, upon either side of such issues as are bound up in the making of trusts and the progress of combination. I prefer to term the latter "coöperation." Certainly, no American financier or capitalist will dare assume as his own, the conception by which an Englishman is made to declare that the pleasant factor in the possession of five millions is that the owner "can bid the rest of the world to go to the devil," if he so chooses. Pounds sterling remain the Englishman's unit, and that "five millions" will mean to us at the present rate of exchange above twenty-four million dollars. But can even John Bull do that? Most certainly John Pierpont Morgan will not think so, and most certainly he will never express such a vulgar solecism. He may be assumed with entire modesty to possess personally twice the large sum which fixes the alleged Englishman's view of social irresponsibility, but the American is not a fool or a snob, and has never been charged with being purse-proud.

I am asked by the editor of this magazine to give a more careful and extended presentation of what I have meant in declaring current consolidations of capital to be in reality a step forward toward more genuine *coöperation*. I am not a public writer, but a plain business man, who believes in the Republic to which he is native-

born, and has full faith in the saving grace of the civilization by which he is surrounded.

A large part of the equation now in the scales of human endeavor must find a present reply in the personal characteristics of a man—the most notable financier and organizer that the modern business world has yet produced. A marked degree of safety will be found, I believe, in the fact that Banker Morgan is an American, compounded, too, of the sturdiest and most democratic New England and New York stock. I shall make no apology for the analysis I present. It is made by one who has long studied this man and his operations from the point of view which Wall Street affords, combined, too, with what a wide business experience has offered. Mr. Morgan's exceptional position is closely associated with a unique personality. If I am correct in the deductions to be made thereon, the latter will assume a singular and beneficial potency. My opinions are not the result of special intimacy or based upon claims of any occult powers of divination, but stand solely on the ground of interested and intelligent observation. John Pierpont Morgan dominates individually—a thing that cannot be said of either Rockefeller or Carnegie, however great their moneyed influence or mental power has been or may continue to be. The Rothschilds shroud their influence to-day with a deliberate avoidance of direct individual action. As financial persons they are almost impossible of access to the world's eye; as social forces they deliberately confine themselves to the limited region of class and privilege wherein their vast wealth and intellectual growth have given them a slow entrance and a respectable eminence. Mr. Morgan is essentially American and therefore personally democratic—the reverse of all that veils the Rothschilds. He is exclusive only from the force of business conditions and their restraints on speech and action. His immediate horror is not the people but the speculators. The keynote of the situation

as to the demands of capital, fixed and fluid, and whether permanently invested or mobile, is found in one word—security. The growth and force of this demand is illustrated by one example. Within the generation that now is rapidly passing, we have seen the greatest wrecker of railroad stocks and systems become the most cautious of their conservators. Successful investments compel constructive control as well as productive administration.

The United States owes its towering industrial place to the occupancy by modern and human forces of an undeveloped continent. As yet, it has been but little more than scratched. That place has been won through a large freedom from old statecraft and class tradition, that has left its growing millions the spur and lash of industrial ambition in a degree never before known to history. Whenever that freedom has been obstructed, conflict has ensued. Hence all our national issues and struggles in peace or war have been founded essentially on industrial growth, with the increase of wealth through the development of natural resources and the economic agencies these have demanded. Unexpressed in set terms, to any large extent, it has yet grown to be a paramount idea that the making of wealth is the insurance of civilization. And to this has come also the conviction that the security of wealth is also the safety of industry.

There are limits, however. Naturally, possessors of wealth who are not all or necessarily the true makers thereof, hold that security is found mainly in the total absence of questioning discussion or organized attack, by either speculation or discontent. Yet both have their value.

We can now face the splendid fact that discontent may be eliminated by coöperation. That is, that the peaceful approach to equity in the distribution of industrial results will bring harmony. It is a long leap forward. The growing acceptance of this truth, which even a few months past has shown quite widely, is almost wholly due to the light given by a sudden growth—one that is almost amazingly sudden to the general mind—of recent industrial trusts and financial consolidations.

Financial consolidation is in my judgment a long step forward to the clearer

recognition of industrial coöperation. Trusts, so called, carried a destructive aspect until met by this formidable front. They sought mainly to sweep away opposing pursuits and smaller enterprises. But financial consolidation, of which Mr. Morgan is now the guiding brain and representative leader, must aim perforce to conserve the interests that build, while restraining or destroying those that pull down either in rivalry or from the more predatory spirit alone of "get there."

Security, then, is the keynote of prevailing operations. The demand is that business shall be free from passion, safeguarded against speculative assaults. Some people who ought to know better, indulge, even yet, in the folly of supposing that suppression is a remunerative proposition to place, for instance, in front of organized labor. "When the cat's away, the mice will play," and so we see how the staff officers of allied capital may deny to captains of labor the right of recognition, which long service and forceful sagacity entitle both themselves and their organizations to receive.

Organized labor is not the enemy of capital, corporate or individual. In truth, labor, being creative or preservative in its grain, is of conservative disposition. Its margins are too narrow for willing conflicts. Under prevailing conditions it must be found willing to compromise, if met face to face. And there is never an employer but knows that it is the meanest man in his line that proposes to cut wages or breed a row by arrogance of manner and act. Moreover, labor wins in the long run, though the laborer often falls in the fight. Defeat with the laborers often costs life and hunger, and always with the employer it costs capital and credit. It is cheaper to starve than lose money.

Financiers who, like Morgan, manage the employers rather than the employed, can estimate this cost and will have no pride in avoiding the loss by insuring coöperation.

The defeat of competition by consolidation is designed automatically to grind out unneeded middlemen and crush the dangerous speculator. The brokers alike of pit and curbstone are more to be dreaded than labor leaders or those who follow them.

Panics are more disastrous than strikes, and inflations are worse than lock-outs. Labor is reasonable and wants only fair treatment. The greed of gain—won, too, with honest toil—is more deadly to business security than the breath of the upas-tree could be to the traveler sleeping beneath its branches. The day of large operations compels both consolidation and conservation. Competition is the conflict of small business. It has never won but one thing for civilization, and that was a place for struggle. The holding has been done by coöperation. Just now in the business world, it is achieved through the form we call consolidation—the name for its selfish side. In the world of labor it is gained by organization. The two forms are the constables of security.

I think Mr. Morgan will yet be the largest personal factor, the chief agent, of harmony between capital and labor. I think so because he is the statesman in business circles. Doubtless he will "pooh-pooh" such a designation, and yet it is one that is both correct and exact. He is not a poseur, but a man big enough to be chief in a mighty quadrilateral. All the shifting forces of life finally become political—that is, Societarian.

Wealth has often been vaunting, but ends always by avoiding or yielding. Labor schemes not; it works that it may live. The capitalist is greatest only when he recognizes the title-deed that wins him control. Why not definitely recognize, then, the power he wields, and hold him to its responsibility? Foremost is the recognition of the source from which all wealth springs—LABOR. Some critics dread Mr. Morgan because his relations have been so close to London influences. On the other hand, I see this as an element of security. He must know the broad distinction between life bred from law-made privilege and caste, and that which claims civic equality and social equity in opportunity as a natural source of human growth. Like most strong men, who rely upon themselves only, he will chafe at the angles and facets this presents, but he knows that self-respect has a market value and that the united intelligence it trains, commands a place in the ledger of daring and doing.

A sturdy man, then, is this bank "king" who is willing to be "citizen" Morgan. His face has a mind behind it. The strong jaw has something perhaps of the iron set and clench that befits the treasure-vault. It is a resolute face, marked with the bulldog quality, but it has the sagacious directness of the kindly mastiff also. The eyes are keen, even piercing; the chin is square; the forehead possesses a full curvedness. There is autocracy and drive enough in the strong neck, the sway of the broad shoulders, the poise of the big-set head, which is yet trustful in repose. This man masters, but does not mean to oppress. He compels obedience, because he can do the thinking needed. There are no details in the myriad operations that center around him that he does not understand and would not, if needed, undertake. If he has limits, it is in the direction of doing too much and trusting too little.

General Sherman used to say that he never recommended a captain for a field commission who desired to be his own orderly sergeant. Mr. Morgan can throw the orderly's report over his shoulder, but he seldom fails to detect the least blunder or omission. Every one in the bank is kept on the alert by knowing that fact. He has found it harder to understand or respect the politician than he does to conquer the biggest financial rivals. He has learned the rôle, at least, because as to the first he has felt the touch of public opinion and grown to respect its intelligence, and as to the last he has been taught sharply that "give and take" is the law in business as well as in church. So the man who is said to have plainly told him of certain opinions that he once put forth regarding the public mind, that if he should say those things on the street or where they might be heard by men, he would be quickly told that the choice for having promulgated them might be made by him between lying in the graveyard at one end of Wall Street or in the river at the other, is now regarded by the masterful banker as one worthy of personal respect for the courage, at least, of unqualified speaking.

I hold then, as Mr. Morgan is genuinely American, that he is also sincerely democratic in purposes. In other words, he is

human, and not a mere scrub or adding-machine. If I am right, he really has the law of love in his heart and will prove the one safe leader among men whom he sagaciously leads, directs or drives. He goes to the center of things. Aiming for security in his realm of investment, that fact must make him accept the recognition of the only social, economic force he cannot drive and may never master—Organized Labor. On the selfish side he knows this; on the human side he will accept and grow in respect and esteem thereof. He has both kindness and humor, and I think sincerely that he believes his own aims to be for the country's good, as he understands the same. His sagacious desire for general security transcends love of power, and even of the wealth that commands it. He is a man of rugged health and physical qualities, yet his brain is cultivated and his tastes are intellectual and keen. He is not carnivorous, for he loves peace and well-doing. War is horror to him personally, as well as because it disturbs values and upsets exchange. It is wasteful and cruel. If for a purpose he has sat below the British salt, he has probably done so with the calmest of Yankee confidence that wheresoever he sat was, like Rob Roy MacGregor's place, "the head of the feast." Morgan is an idealist without acknowledging it. A utopian, too, who would scorn the designation. He does not either invite personal antagonism or brook opposition. The power that does not bend, he will be found to meet half-way. He sees things therefore with broad simpleness—not from the point of view of selfish alone, but from that also of human contact and endeavor. In no sense is he a quarrelsome man, however masterful a one. He scorns a toady and despises a lickspittle. Speculation as such he contemns, and has a sweeping contempt for the "scrubs" of the street and exchange corsairs of the market and clientele that need only to be ordered. Perhaps this has become the vanity that with him "grows by what it feeds upon."

I have an idea that Mr. Morgan would like above all things to lead in harmonizing possession and struggle—Capital and Labor. This is why I write of him as a utopian. For it is doubtful as yet if he

comprehends that Labor has an equal right to equal legal protection with its products. This is now denied. The power to make has no place in law, if it comes by toil alone and through trained skill and muscle only, and yet all property pivots thereon. The center of our jurisprudence is that it aims to protect what man achieves. But it has never voluntarily sought to protect the man who makes. That has been won only by force of struggle and in the face of fierce contention. "Things are in the saddle," and their maker is too often but the groom that tightens the girth. Law must yet recognize that there is direct property to be guarded and defended in human labor, and in human skill also, which makes it most useful. In the efforts of financial force to insure security, there must come also, and without question, the social equity and civic justice which insure freedom and create content within the commonwealth. A public wrong is always the incitant of fierce conflicts. Hence, readjustment of labor conditions will become also the essential subjective in the crystalization of financial security, through the safety of investment, the removal of wasteful go-betweens and the destruction of the wolves of the market, the prowlers of the street. Labor must be met and dealt with on lines of righteousness. No one can fairly assume that such is the case to-day. And men of the mold of Mr. Morgan must swing the pendulous weight upon the arc of fair dealing. They can do this only by coöperation—the next and the nobler step toward which financial consolidation may wisely lead, or it leads only to a wilderness more tangled and a desert more arid than the one that mere competition has molded so maladroitly.

The wastes of economic efforts under the ordinary ways have been so frightful that computations which would fit are beyond figures and surpass available metaphors. Combination by the trust, as well as by the consolidations of finance, for security alone, is therefore perfectly justifiable. We must recognize this, but ere long we shall see, in the still greater strides it will take, that a long leap toward genuine civilization—reaching the freedom which alone makes security—has been achieved. Mr. Morgan's name for sagacity will be irrevoc-

rably identified with this massive result. It depends largely upon him whether it moves swiftly forward or only clears the way for a greater struggle. Wealth does not flourish by struggle alone.

No one who thinks while he sees, can escape this conviction. Labor grows in its organized capacity and range. Middlemen when driven out will be forced in a large degree into its ranks. They will bring what it now lacks most—administrative skill and trained knowledge of credit and its capabilities. *Somewhere and somehow, the American who has such power and skill, denied advancement by consolidations in the capitalist realm, will find an aggressive peace in the Republic of Labor.* The life of every healthy workman is valued by statisticians at five thousand dollars for productive purposes alone. Capitalize this into credit under coöperative direction and the road to control will be swiftly won. The small trader, the shrewd vendor, the keen-witted office-man, the sharp commission merchant or broker, whose services consolidation dispenses with, will find a way by organization to realize place on planes other than mere traffic. *They will above all, and at once, proceed to create fresh sources of property and remold industrial power.*

The continent has hardly begun to expand. Take the greater West and Southwest, with the far mountain region. It is known that abundance of coal and iron remains untouched, that fertile lands are still idle, that timber is available and unused waters offer power, while knowledge of past mistakes and costly errors that incapacity or greed achieved will make the coöperative development more sure and the results far safer and less costly. They can be won without wars, and benefit all the people, not merely dealers and shippers of goods for export alone. There are other

railroads to be built. It is not to be anticipated that the leaders of present consolidation will deny the needed aid to enterprises that can make clear their claim. That aid will come. The laws that govern credit are not the sacred cant alone of the present capitalist régime.

The marvelous powers which march in unison with man's mastery of nature's forces are moving steadily from the ponderables to the imponderables; from the visible and tangible to the intangible and unseen agencies of God's world and the abode of Man. The "little red school-house" and the marble-fronted laboratory stand side by side. It is but one short step to their coöperation, and this truth Mr. Morgan, above all his confrères, must be the quickest to perceive and swiftest to utilize. His predominant demand for business security will lend wings to his brain and put spurs upon the heels of his interests.

He now knows or can be made to comprehend, in its business significance at least, that the land which has educated fifteen million children during the past year in its public schools, and increases that great Grand Army of the Republic by a million recruits a year, is not to be run alone by a score or less of men, however vivid in brain and weighty in purse, because they may have the present ability to command one-tenth of the accumulated wealth of the land. There is a stronger bank, a vaster accumulation, to be reckoned with. The ability to "read and cipher" covers all possibilities, evil as well as good. It touches the farther stars and reaches to the nethermost hells. It is to be reckoned with. Will Mr. Morgan comprehend that it is coöperation, and not competition therewith, that is needed? I, for one, believe he will.





MORTAR USED IN BOMBARDMENT OF LADYSMITH, JOUBERT REITZ AT THE LANYARD.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD.

BY ALLEN SANGREE.

IN a little hotel at Brandfort, one summer evening, soon after Lord Roberts began moving north toward Pretoria, gathered a company of foreigners. They were commenting, and rather unfavorably, on the ability of English officers. "One good charge by an Imperial Regiment," declared an aristocratic German Lieutenant, as he bit the end off his cigar, "would have scattered the whole British army, there, to-day. They were just ready to run."

"All I was wishing for," earnestly remarked an American soldier of fortune, "was to see one thousand of our regular army boys get at them. We'd have chased 'em back to Bloemfontein."

"That's what you think, now," replied Colonel Gourka, the Russian military attaché, "sitting in this hotel, but if you were facing the fire of these Boer farmers, particularly their artillery fire, perhaps you'd be less sanguine. By the way," he

added for the benefit of those who had just arrived at the front, "if the Boer artillery gets here to-night from Natal, as is expected, you will see a good fight to-morrow, and incidentally the most remarkable thing in warfare that this century has to show—school-boys holding back a veteran English army!"

The next day found General Maxwell's corps of thirty thousand men advancing toward the Vet River bright and early. Dragoons and lancers protected either flank, and Colonial scouts peered, with restless eyes, into the rock-garled kopjes, where lurked the burgher riflemen.

Slowly and impressively the British column approached, as though on parade at Aldershot. Among the Boers there was no sound. Seventy-five of the Johannesburg Police had concealed themselves in a spruit at the foot of the kopje, where George W. Rogers, a newspaper artist, and

myself had taken position. They were lolling there smoking until the English should come within rifle-range. The rest of the Boers were scattered along the two miles of front.

Suddenly, just as we had focused our glasses on General Maxwell's staff of officers, a smart, angry report sounded directly above us, and a shell cried its way toward the British legion. A first impulse was to duck hastily as the missile brushed past, and then we rose in astonishment, for the kopje was half a mile high, steep as the side of a tent, and jagged with protruding boulders. "Alemachte!" exclaimed an old burgher, as he grabbed up his carbine; "those artillery boys again." He spoke as though they might have been playing leap-frog in the parlor or cutting initials on the dining-room table.

We clambered over the hill-top, and saw about twenty young fellows manipulating two Creusot field-guns from which the mule teams had just been detached. How they managed to drag cannon up that mountain still remains a mystery to me. But there they were, the mules tied together and held by Kaffir boys, the guns pointing Englishward, and neatly planted behind natural fortifications. Evidently these gunners had well learned their lesson in the cañons and plateaus of Natal.

More amazing to a stranger, however, than the sudden apparition of cannon on a mountain-top was the childish appearance of those who handled these death-dealing implements. A beardless face was the common attribute, and but few, in this country, would have been entitled to a vote. Some were but fourteen or fifteen years of age; the Lieutenant alone showed maturity. He carried a pair of French field-glasses, the very latest model, but he seldom used them. Every lad in the company could arrange a sight equally well with the naked eye.

The first shot had evidently gone wild,

for when we arrived, one comrade was being unmercifully chaffed because of a misjudgment. "Why, he only sighted for five thousand yards," exclaimed a little chap quite mirthfully, "and it's five thousand three hundred easy. Oh, my! what a shot!" "Bet you it ain't," sung out another, as he pushed a shell into the breech; "it's just five thousand two hundred yards, to the inch."

A cheer went up when a puff of dust right in the midst of the English advance-

guard showed that the second artilleryman had judged rightly, and ambulance wagons galloping to the front denoted that serious damage had been accomplished. At this moment a lad, who looked to be no more than twelve years old, screamed from the top of a parapet, "I see lancers!"

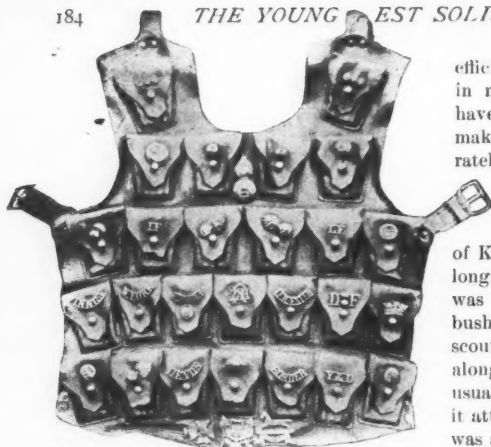
The others ran to his side, and the guns were trained in a different direction. The Boers have never forgotten Elandslaagte, when the English horsemen speared kneeling burghers with their long lances and twirled them in the air; the youngest Transvaaler would gladly give up his life to kill a lancer.

For two hours we watched the artillery duel at Vet River, and then English shrapnel began to rake our position so thoroughly that it was worth one's life to poke one's head above the rock. All this time, the artillery boys continued to harass the enemy, though shells landed frequently at their very feet. Twice we saw the cannon upset. But, with the exception of killing two mules, no damage resulted.

Long after the burgher riflemen had abandoned their position and English cavalry had flanked us on both sides, these lads remained on that kopje dealing out death with the happy carelessness of children playing in a school-yard. At night I met them as they were going into camp and observed to the Lieutenant, "You have had a narrow escape to-day!" "Yes,"



JAN BOTHA, THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.



BANDOLEER MADE BY J. PRETORIUS FROM INSIGNIA OF BRITISH SOLDIERS WHOM HE CAPTURED.

he replied, "the boys wanted to catch a couple of lancers."

In this struggle for independence, about one-third of the troops are mere children. One sees them in every commando, in every patrol, in every scouting party, in every artillery company. The schools in Pretoria, Johannesburg and Bloemfontein furnished many. Nearly every family has given up its last-born as well as its first. The British opponents are constantly amazed at the youth of their adversaries. "We were out looking after the wounded at night," related an officer to some correspondents, "when I came across an old, white-bearded Boer. He was lying behind a bit of rock supporting himself on his elbows.

"When I got near I saw that he was too far gone to raise his rifle. He motioned me that he wanted to speak, and I bent over him. He asked me to go and find his son—a boy of thirteen who had been fighting by his side when he fell.

"Well, I did as he asked me, and under a heap of wounded I found the poor lad, stone-dead. I'm not chicken-hearted, and I've seen a bit of fighting, but I had to turn away when the old Boer saw his lad and feebly hugged the body to him and moaned over it. Until that very moment I had never thought how horrible war is. I never wanted to see another shot fired. When I looked round again, the old Boer was dead, clasping the cold hand of his dead boy."

The Transvaal youngsters partake of all the qualities that make their fathers such

efficient fighters. Although not so good in marksmanship at the beginning, they have now learned, by constant practice, to make allowance for wind and shoot accurately at one thousand five hundred or two thousand yards with a Mauser. As for courage and ready wit, there is no distinction. In an engagement south of Kroonstad, a boy named Jan Botha, belonging to the South African Cavalry Corps, was lying on his stomach among some bushes, taking pot-shots at the English scouts, when a rhingold snake wormed alongside him. A bite from this serpent usually proves fatal in an hour's time, and it attacks without provocation. When it was about to emit its deadly poison, Botha discovered the reptile, and grabbing its neck, twisted it about until it cracked, after which he coolly returned to sniping Britishers.

But perhaps the most dramatic illustration of boy-life in the Boer army may be had from reading the appended letter written by sixteen-year-old Deney's Reitz to his father, then Secretary of State. The names Joubert and Hjalmar refer to younger brothers. When I left Pretoria, a still more youthful Reitz child was clamoring to go to the front, and Mrs. Reitz promised that his wish should be gratified. "If I had a dozen boys," she said, "all of them should go." The engagement Deney's tells of took place in December, 1899, before he was fifteen, on a spot called Gun Hill, near Ladysmith. The British succeeded there in partially blowing up a Long Tom with dynamite, but they were badly punished, and the gun was afterward repaired. The letter stands just as it was penned in the Boer laager:—

"DEAR FATHER:

"Joubert and I are still safe and well. I see in the 'Standard and Diggers' News' that the English had stormed Lombard's Kop, but it was not stated that they damaged two of our guns. On the following morning they came past us, but were soon driven back. But now comes the worst. We were on outpost duty last night, about six hundred yards from the hill on which stood a howitzer. Below this hill lay other outposts which, either through treachery or carelessness, allowed the English to pass. About one o'clock

we heard the English on the top of the hill crying 'Hurrah!' We sent word to Zeederberg, the Field Cornet, but before he could arrive the howitzer was damaged. The English again cheered, and we were so enraged that we immediately ran through the bushes to stop them when they should come down again; there were only eight of us.

"It was, of course, pitch-dark. When we had gone a short distance, we heard, 'Halt! who goes there?' from a body of English who had remained in the bushes. We fired a volley in their direction, and ran as fast as we could to a ditch behind us. After waiting some minutes, we again advanced among the bushes, and after having marched about a mile we reached the creek which runs below the hill. Here a body of English who had remained behind fired volleys at us. We lay against the bank of the creek and replied to their fire. It became so hot, however, that we retired round the corner of the bank. Here Sampie Van Zyl was shot; he was just about a yard ahead of me. He was struck by two bullets—one in the throat, the other through the lungs. We are very sad to-day on account of his death, for he was the life and soul of our camp. He did not die immediately. We placed him against the bank and gave him water. We were then obliged to leave him, for some of the English were behind us, whilst those who

had been on the top of the hill were in front of us. We ran to the opposite bank, and then an Englishman rushed down toward me and was going to stab me with his bayonet; but he was a little too high up so that he could not do it. He said, 'Throw down your gun and I won't shoot'; but I said, 'Throw down yours, or I shall shoot,' and so I would have, but he threw his gun down. Then he fumbled with his hands in his breast, probably to loosen his cartridge-pouch, but I thought he meant to take out

a revolver. My comrades shouted out, 'Shoot him, Reitz, shoot him,' but I had not the heart to shoot a man at two paces' distance, so I said, 'Put up your hands or I'll shoot,' which he accordingly did. I then took his gun, and shall send you his bayonet.

"In the meanwhile, the English were approaching; we could hear what they said. They were in high spirits, and they were quite unaware of our being in front of



PRETORIA HIGH-SCHOOL BOY IN CHARGE OF CAPTURED HELIOGRAPH. SIGNALS BY THIS CORPS BROUGHT THE BOER ARTILLERY THAT COMPLETED THE BRITISH ROUT ON SPION KOP.

them. We waited till we could see them. They marched in close order, about three hundred in number. They were then about ten yards away from us. We then fired amongst them. They stopped and called out, 'Rifle Brigade.' They must have supposed that we belonged to their people. Then one of them said, 'Let us charge.' One officer, Captain Paley (I am writing this letter with his silver pencil-case), advanced, though he had two bullet-wounds already. Joubert gave him another shot, and he fell

on top of us. Four Englishmen got hold of Jan Luttig and struck him on the head with their rifles, and stabbed him in the stomach with a bayonet. He seized two of them by the throat and shouted, 'Help, boys!' His two nearest comrades shot two of the nearest soldiers, and the other two bolted. But then the English came up in such numbers that we all lay down as quiet as mice along the bank. They came in single file, about eight hundred, along the footpath, only about six yards from where we lay. Had there been more of us, we should have continued firing, but the English would simply have trampled us down. We could, of course, see them well, and overhear all they said. One of them said, 'Who knows the way?' Another replied, 'Keep to the right,' and as I was sitting a few yards to the right, I felt somewhat uneasy, but they just then fortunately found the path again and did not see me.

'Whilst they were crossing the ditch, one of the English wounded cried out, 'Wounded man, wounded man to the right; I can't walk!' But one of them replied, 'Oh, you're only a Dutchman'; another cried, 'Go to hell.'

'When the Englishmen had all passed, the day was just breaking. We afterward found twenty-two of them killed and wounded. Captain Paley was still living, and we did for him what we could; but we had no water, and he died shortly after. The other wounded men cried out constantly for water, and we then sent one of the prisoners—there were five or six of them—with a white flag to Ladysmith to fetch doctors.

'One Englishman had been hit by seven bullets, one by four and one by three.

There was, I believe, not one who had less than two bullet-wounds, and considering that we were only seven in number, and continued firing for only about five minutes, you can see that it must have been pretty warm work. Besides that, the English carried off a couple of their wounded out of the ditch. All their guns had bayonets fixed to them, and I took four guns, but I gave two of them to the doctor to serve as splints for the broken legs of two of the wounded. Amongst the twenty-two were Captain Paley, one Major and one Corporal.

'Further on, the English killed three of our men with bayonets and wounded two. Higher up the hill lay ten dead of the English, and where we had been challenged by them also lay one.

'Isaac Malherbe has gone to Pretoria with the prisoners, and if you meet him he can tell you all about it. If Hjalmar is still in Pretoria, let him bring us a couple of water-bottles, for we have already suffered once or twice for having none.

'Tell Ati I have received Willie Brill's letters, and also tell him that he must not insist on coming to



BOER BOYS OF DE WET'S COMMANDO.

the front, for it is no picnic.

'If my school-books have not been lost, please keep them in good shape for me.

'I shall now conclude, with love to all,

'Your affectionate son,

'DENEYS REITZ.

'P.S.—Joubert found a short Mauser lying by a dead English soldier, and if Hjalmar brings no gun along, he can have that one.'

To display recklessness is accounted by the Boers not only nonsensical but culpable. They roundly condemn bravery of that sort. Captain Von Lossberg, the



SHARPSHOOTERS, ALL UNDER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE. FIRING ON BROADWOOD'S BRIGADE.

German-American who performed distinguished services for the Free State Artillery with De Wet and Dela Rey, was once on the point of being shot by his own men when he insisted on their retaining an exposed position he had selected. The middle-aged and old burghers, I observed, could seldom be persuaded to stand when unprotected by rocks or trees.

Not so with the younger Boers, who take all sorts of chances. Just north of Bloemfontein, one afternoon, the Australian Light Horse and a company of dragoons came in sight of a Johannesburg patrol, consisting of a dozen young fellows, who were anxious to distinguish themselves. In spite of orders to retreat, these chaps lay concealed in a spruit and waited for the advance-guard to dismount.

A boy named Olivier opened the skirmish by taking aim at a dragoon who sat under a tree removing the wrapper from a stick of chocolate. The first shot knocked the chocolate into pieces, and a second mortally wounded the dragoon. The alarm being given, his comrades came on in considerable numbers, and galloping to the spruit, called out, "Hands up, or we'll kill you all."

In attempting to escape, two of the Boers were shot down, and a third was captured. Olivier scrambled up the riverbed and leaped on a horse, but fell to the ground tangled in a mackintosh. The latter he had captured from an English officer, and he did not care to lose it now.

With the bullets "zipping" on all sides and his pursuers hard upon him, Olivier leaped in the saddle again and was rapidly drawing away, when he happened on a fellow-Boer, shot through the back. This man implored to be taken along, and rather than see him fall into the hands of the English, Olivier gave up what seemed a last hold on life. Four bullets tore through the mackintosh while he was lifting the wounded man to the horse's back, and before they reached safety the garment had been pierced thrice more. Neither of the riders was touched.

Such is the spirit that dwells in the younger generation of Transvaal burghers, and Krüger, when he challenged the hosts of Great Britain, knew that in the children of his burghers he owned a resource of which neither might nor wealth could ever deprive him.



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A SCRIMMAGE AT BASKET BALL.

A GIRL'S COLLEGE LIFE.

BY LAVINIA HART.



PICKING DAISIES FOR THE
DAISY CHAIN.

THE difference between the life at girls' and at men's colleges, is just the difference between girls and young men.

It is not the difference in cur-

riculum, or lecture-room, or gymnasium, or team and track athletics. It is a difference in tone, and this tone is the effect of two causes:—

First. The seriousness with which the college girl regards her course.

Second. The thoroughly feminine consideration with which she regards her fellows.

Regarding the former, nine-tenths of the girls at college are there for the purpose of fitting themselves to earn a livelihood. They are aiming to become professors, tutors, lawyers, doctors, *littérateurs*. They are not, generally, the daughters of wealthy parents. These go to a finishing school, and study the limitations, rather than the possibilities, of society. The

female college students are mostly drawn from those medium walks of life wherein ambition is given impetus by necessity.

The college girl does not give up four or five years of her life for the purpose of being called "college-bred," as many of her brothers do; nor to gain admittance to an exclusive university club, or those circles to which a college education is the open sesame; nor "to humor the governor," at a large cost per annum for indulging his whim.

The college girl takes up her course because she loves it, and because it is the means to a much-desired end.



COMMENCEMENT.

The spirit of restlessness prevalent in men's colleges is noticeably absent. There is no case on record where students from a girls' college have spent the night in the town lockup, as the result of reckless misbehavior. They have never been known playfully to smash mirrors in restaurants, make bonfires of farmhouse gates, steal the signs from the village shops or swap the tombstones in the near-by churchyards. This sort of reckless divertisement is the result of dissatisfaction with the legitimate advantages offered in college life. It is the result, not of sex and the more boister-

It is this consideration for the feelings of others that gives to the girls' colleges their distinctly feminine tone.

From the raw, self-conscious days of the sub-freshman to the passing out of the senior, the girl collegian finds cordial greetings and ready sympathy everywhere.

The "honor system" of self-government is in force at Vassar and several other colleges. According to this system, rules and regulations are abolished, and each girl pledges herself to retire at ten, with three exceptions each month if necessary; to attend chapel every day, and to take at



A FENCING LESSON.

ous nature of the male, but of choosing the college course for some reason less pertinent than the desire to acquire knowledge.

Neither do we find the students of a girls' college verging on riot over athletic victory. Yet the triumph of their class and colors is just as dear to them; "gym" and field events are just as much a part of their lives. But it is rather the beaten ones who cheer, and applaud their victors' grit and superiority. The winners argue it is sweet enough to win; crowing over the defeated ones will add nothing to their glory, but greatly increase the disappointment of the losers.

least one hour's daily exercise. The system is a complete success.

Hazing is unknown. The lower classman at a girls' college has no bad dreams of midnight duckings through the ice of the lake, or rides downhill in barrels, or straw hats in winter, or sandwich boards on the main street, or hand-springs, or eagles, or tabasco refreshment. On the contrary, she isn't allowed even to get homesick. Every provision is made for her welcome, in order that she may forget she is a long way from home, perhaps for the first time, confronting con-



THE DAISY CHAIN.

ditions with which she is thoroughly unfamiliar, amidst seven or eight hundred strangers. In all the large colleges, there are committees appointed to take charge of the new arrivals, each girl meeting her protégée at the railway station, attending to the details of her luggage, and not leaving her until she has seen her safely settled in the new quarters.

The seniors usually have first choice of rooms, preferring to be located along the senior corridor, into which no lower classman dares venture, unless accompanied by a senior.

Rooms are divided into suites of four sizes: fire walls, consisting of four bedrooms and parlor; parlors, consisting of three bedrooms and parlor; doubles, with two bedrooms and parlor, and singles, consisting of one room. The singles, however, are not popular. College girls are apt to be chummy and companionable. There's a great deal more fun sharing quarters with one or two other girls, who may be useful in hours of work or play; and there is the great advantage of a private parlor to which one's friends may

be invited—a necessary adjunct to the girl who is popular and hospitably inclined. When three or four girls who are congenial occupy a suite, their college association can be made most pleasant.

Fitting up her quarters will be regarded by the freshman as the most serious work of the term's beginning. She will catch glimpses of senior rooms, disclosing revelations on art from the college viewpoint—which has nothing to do with art by any other standard. Her own rooms—the bedroom containing bed, bureau, table and chair, the parlor a "parlor suite"—will look woefully barren; but she soon realizes how little is required to gain the popular effect—a few outré posters, inexpensive etchings and prints in dainty frames, flags of men's colleges, class colors, field pennants, tennis rackets, riding-whips, foils, orders of dance, college cushions, a tabaret,

an India seat, a tea-table, couch, spirit-lamp and chafing-dish. All these things may be purchased at a shop in the college town whose proprietor can tell the wants

of the freshmen better than they can themselves; or there will be advertisements on the bulletin-board, for sale or ex-



AT AN INTER-CLASS BASKET-BALL GAME.



MARCHING TO THE ATHLETIC FIELD.

change. Often the members of the graduating class leave their room furnishings with "self-help" girls, to be disposed of on commission to incoming freshmen, who are very glad to get bargains.

Meanwhile the freshman has chosen her hours for lectures and recitation—usually not more than four out of the eight hours, with two hours more for study. The hardest work of the college course comes in freshman year. Still there is time for relaxations and the forming of friendships. In September, or the early part of October, the sophomores formally welcome the freshman to college social life. The form of this entertainment varies at the different colleges.

At Bryn Mawr the year is opened by a series of informal teas in honor of the freshmen, which give good opportunities for new acquaintances to the girl socially inclined.

Next after these comes the "Presentation of Lanterns." This fête has become a tradition at Bryn Mawr, and is a very pretty one. Each freshman is presented with a lantern to light her on her way through college, and some of the presentation speeches are very clever and full of local wit. Six weeks later the freshmen reciprocate, entertaining the sophomores with return speeches and toasts, and singing their class song, which until this time has been closely guarded. It is on this occasion that the freshmen are mentally and socially gaged by the older fellows, who are looking out for worthy acquisitions to their societies.

Wellesley's "Floral Sunday" is an eloquent goodwill offering to the freshmen. The first Sunday after her arrival, each freshman finds at her breakfast plate a bunch of fragrant blossoms, tied with ribbons



READY FOR HOCKEY.

of the sophomore class color, with an accompanying card bearing the inscription, "Love one another," or "God is love," or whatever like theme has been chosen for the chapel address. On this morning the chapel is fragrant with flowers, the decorations being the result of sophomore effort and good will.

Smith's "Freshman Frolic" is a very pretentious affair. The dance is held in the "gym," which has been transformed by boughs and blossoms, palms and vines, national flags and college emblems. Each soph constitutes herself a cavalier for the freshman to whom she is assigned. She sends her flowers, calls for her, fills her order of dance, introduces her partners, fetches ices and frappés between dances and takes her to supper. The whole method of procedure is apt to impress the freshman



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A DIFFICULT PASS.

ludicrously at first, except that the soph fulfils her duties with so much dignified seriousness. Nor does the new order of things stop with the close of the dance. Every soph sees her partner home, begs for a flower and changes orders for souvenirs, and if the freshman has taken advantage of the opportunity and made the desired hit, there are dates for future meetings and jollifications, and a good-night over the balusters, as lingering and cordial as any the freshie has left behind her. And if the gallant soph who lives in another hall runs away from her shadow on the way back to her own dormitory, it's nobody's business but her own. Her duties in knight-errantry are at an end.

At Vassar the girls go a step farther, those who fill men's parts at the dances affecting bloomers, sack-coats disclosing a wide expanse of shirt-front, white lawn ties and buttonhole bouquets.



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ON THE FLYING RINGS.

By the time the freshman festivities are over, the upper classmen have judged the new stock, and desirable acquisitions are sought for the societies.

These are legion, and they are the most fascinating phase of college life. First, but least exclusive, are the athletic societies; then the debating, literary, Shakespeare, dramatic, musical, historic, Greek letter; and, last but not least, the eating clubs.

These last are the most exclusive societies at the girls' colleges. They are purely social, and no one is admitted unless thoroughly desirable and unanimously elected. If a new girl is popular, several of these societies will try to get her. Hence there is considerable electioneering at the beginning of the term: dining-rooms, recitation-rooms and class corridors become stamping-grounds for fair lobbyists, and the more persevering become regular little ward heelers.

At the close of the first term, every one



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A GYMNASTIC TEAM.

is located, and social life is at full blast. On Sunday evenings the dining-rooms are deserted, and the eating clubs hold sway. Alternately in the rooms of their members, the Nibblers, the Grubbers, the Epicureans, the Swallows, the Gobblers, the Friars, the Munchers, do wonderful things with spirit-lamps and chafing-dishes, accomplishing results delicious, savory, and more or less digestible. These Sunday evenings are dear to all college girls.

At Wellesley, Monday is set apart as a holiday; but there is no record to show any connection with the eating clubs. Perhaps the faculties appreciate the clubs as much as the students, realizing that the haphazard knowledge derived from poring over cook-books and chafing-dish recipes in some measure compensates for the lack of this practical branch in the female college curriculum.

Some day, let us hope, the trustees of our female colleges will wake to the crying need of a course on House- and Husband-Keeping. A chair of Gastronomical Ethics will then be provided, training the female minds to the dignity of cooking, educating them in the science of it, and revealing to them the beauties of eating and catering as a fine art, affecting every other art, science, profession and trade in the whole human system. If engineers must be tutored in mathematics, chemists in chemistry, lawyers in codes and physicians in medical lore, why should not women, whose ultimate profession is the establishment and continuance of homes, be tutored in every branch of art and science that will help to make their life-work a success?

The "higher education" has done much for women; not only in the new spheres that have latterly opened for them, but as wives and mothers. However, it is not the "higher education" girls should seek so much as the "better education." Every girl who enjoys the privilege of education should select her courses with a perfect knowledge of her individual requirements and capabilities, and with a view to strengthening herself for whatever line of work her future is to cover. And while mathematics will be a very good thing for giving balance to her mind and poise to her conceptions generally, she can't feed them to the baby; and she can't talk

Greek to the cook. The curriculum in girls' colleges is not complete; but the "higher education" is still in its infancy.

Meanwhile the natural womanly instinct asserts itself, and the chafing-dish holds sway over all small entertainments. No book-shelf is complete without a cook-book, and the natural rivalry between hostesses encourages experiment. Vassar has gone so far as to build a kitchen with splendid equipments for the use of its students, but it is too large and too public to become popular. The cozy dormitory quarters give an added flavor to fudge, rarebits, newburgs and afternoon teas, the last being the most popular. There is little work during the late afternoon hours. Between four and five-thirty the dormitories hum with gossip, and the tea-kettles make a lively tune. It is the general hour for relaxation, for the college girl arises early. The usual hour for the first bell is six-thirty, with breakfast from seven to eight. At Mt. Holyoke the girls care for their own rooms, and in several of the dormitories at Smith's and Wellesley the girls devote an hour each day to this sort of work in part payment for their board. At eight-thirty recitations begin, and the mornings are invariably busy. The day is divided into eight "hours," and engagements made for first, second, third hour, et cetera, the time never being mentioned.

Luncheon is usually from twelve to one-thirty, after which the tension relaxes.

During the afternoons the upper classmen find plenty of time for recreation. All the girls' colleges have splendid gymnasiums, but they are not popular. Open-air athletics are greatly preferred, and there is no time in the year when some outdoor sport is not available. During the winter there are skating, tobogganing and long tramps, with basket-ball practice necessarily confined to the gymnasium. As soon as the frost is off the ground, however, the basket-ball teams revel in field practice, the rowing-machines are forsaken and the shells launched with a glad hurrah, and running records are broken and made on good turf track.

College girls are very enthusiastic athletes. Basket-ball is the universal favorite sport, and there is a general struggle to get on the teams.

This game takes the place of football at the men's colleges. Two baskets are hung on poles about eight feet high, forming goals. The girls wear bloomers and loose blouses, or sweaters, with their class year across the front. The costume is not an aid to beauty, but it is indicative of sense and comfort, and proves a wholesome lack of vanity. Basket-ball is approved by physical-culture experts as the best possible all-around development for girls. Besides improving their physical strength, it gives them poise, self-confidence and self-control. For no matter how high excitement may run, with the calls of their class spurring them on to victory, physical culture never blots out ethical culture, and the stranger is surprised, in the midst of the excited fray, by an anxious "Oh, pardon me, did I hurt you?" or "Excuse me, I think that's our ball."

Some years ago, several of the colleges started baseball nines; but they never became popular, and did not last the season out. That was before the divided skirt was accepted as a matter of fact; and the nines announced that it was an utter impossibility to "play ball" and attend to the train. No one has ever been heartless enough to probe deeper into the facts; but if all were known, the impossibility of finding a girl who could pitch might have a bearing on the case.

Some of the crews at the girls' colleges have done good work, and Wellesley, the first to establish this branch of athletics, has made some good records.

There could hardly be a prettier sight than the launching of one of the shells with eight strong, rosy girls at the oars, pulling away from the boathouse and skimming over the water. Surely these girls will never fail in their undertakings for want of confidence, or go under with their first trial for the lack of enduring power.

There are many other sports, and all have their devotees—tennis, golf, lacrosse, swimming, riding, cycling, vaulting, high-jumping and running events. Tramping, too, is a favorite pastime, and in many of the colleges "Mountain Day" is set apart for this purpose. At Mt. Holyoke the girls are great equestrians, and the objective points of their "little jaunts" and "constitutionals" are located eight and ten

miles from the college-grounds. As the Vassar and Smith girls look back to Chapter House dances and "Phil Proms," so the Mt. Holyoke graduate cherishes tender memories of the Bluffs, the Larches, Titans' Pier, the Pass of Thermopylae, Paradise, and Bittersweet Lane.

"Field Day" at the colleges is the culmination of the year's athletic work. It is always a gala day, and class spirit runs high. Vassar's "Field Day," occurring in May, is the most exciting event of the year. She has always maintained high records in track events, and the record-breakers of "Field Day" are exalted and fêted by their colleagues.

At Bryn Mawr the annual tennis tournament takes first place. It occurs early in the autumn, and lasts a week. The whole college is decked in festive attire. Pennants, class colors and flags float from the windows, the lawns are gay with tea-parties; and class calls and the new cries of the freshmen are drowned in the general

"Hooray, hooray for the gray!
Hooray, hoorah, Bryn Mawr!"

which is the favorite college cry, having been dedicated to President Taylor, who belonged to the Society of Friends.

Besides these annual athletic celebrations, there are regular fête-days observed by every college. At Vassar there are "Founders' Day" and "Philoethian Day," terminating with formal dances in the evening, and there is the annual trip to Lake Mohonk, a treat provided by "Uncle Fred" Thompson, one of the trustees.

"Float Day" is a fête peculiarly Wellesley's own. The festivities begin at sunset, with the coming out of the floats decorated and fashioned in quaint design, sometimes suggestive of class jokes, sometimes bearing upon the eccentricities of the faculty, sometimes carrying out a theme in history or drama. Smaller craft follow the floats, until, as twilight deepens, Lake Waban is covered with a gay flotilla, hundreds of colored lights on the boats adding beauty to the scene. On shore, scores of lanterns hung in the trees transform the place to a veritable fairyland. The grounds are filled with guests, refreshments are served, fireworks make things brilliant, and then, in the first lull, the Wellesley college songs

break out over the moonlit stillness, and "Wellesley, Our Alma Mater," floats over the hills, eight hundred voices strong.

The "Freshman Banquet" is the event of the year at Wells College, the "Junior Promenade" at Smith's, and "Mountain" is sacred to Mt. Holyoke, when the whole college takes a holiday, the seniors monopolizing one of the mountain inns, where grinds and prophecies are read, old books burnt, toasts drunk over the bonfire in deep flagons of lemonade, and a pair of fiddlers engaged for a dance that lasts until midnight.

All the holidays of the year are celebrated at the colleges, and each class aims for novelty. Thanksgiving will bring forth ragamuffin dances. Hallowe'en is full of surprises carrying out popular superstitions and anonymous prophecies, with parties of ghosts slipping from room to room after the "all lights out" signal. St. Valentine's Day is usually monopolized by the seniors, who hang baskets outside the senior parlors all day long for missives, which are exhibited amidst great hilarity at night, and the inscriptions read.

Birthdays are another excuse for celebration. On each girl's birthday there are flowers, gifts and good wishes galore surrounding her breakfast plate; sometimes there is an extra course or two in her honor at dinner; her health is drunk deep in sparkling spring-water or English breakfast tea, and in the late afternoon there is apt to be one of those celebrations which, with all the merriment they create, have about them the suggestion of sadness. This is the opening of the box from home, filled with gifts from each member of the far-away household, and with home-made pies and cakes and goodies. And out of every corner of the box creeps the unspoken message of love and longing from home.

After the beginning of the second term, the seniors come into prominence. Preparations for commencement and class day exercises are put under way; farewell entertainments are given by the under classmen; the year's dramatics, which have been a very popular part of the entertainment—and sometimes dangerously fascinating—are drawn to a close, and the seniors prepare to leave their alma mater. Almost invariably they are sorry to go, for the associa-

tion of four or five years must result in ties and bonds not easy to break.

The senior supper, which is the last event of college life before the public exercises, is intended for a huge jollification; but it puts lumps in girls' throats not so easily swallowed as the goodies specified on the menu. Here speeches are made which, despite the bright quips and witty allusions to incidents of college life, strike chords of deep feeling.

In some of the colleges it is the rule for engaged girls to "own up" and receive the congratulations of their classmates; in others souvenirs are exchanged which will always remain treasured tokens; and at Bryn Mawr it is the custom of the lower classmen, who refuse to allow the occasion to be steeped in tears, to gather underneath the windows and sing class songs and shout class calls, until the seniors soften and pass out goodies through the windows. Then come class day and commencement exercises, with their attendant excitement and pleasure—the receiving of degrees, with a justifiable flush of pride and satisfaction; the parting with chums and familiar landmarks, with the inevitable gulp and struggle for self-control; and then—

Stern reality! Back to the old place, to take up the threads of life where departure interrupted them.

Has it paid? Has the college education better fitted them to accomplish their life's purposes? Perhaps not in all cases; but at least it cannot have hindered them. Some will go out into the arts and professions, and their college educations will be the foundation for fame and fortune; others will go out, and they will return, humbled by failure and bruised by the short, decisive battle. But the experience will do good; it will set them back in the right groove.

And others will not go out at all. They will have no ambition to conquer the world, or to carve their names on marble tablets in the Hall of Fame. These will be busy helping to make great another's name, and rearing sons to bear it. They will forget their Greek, and "trig," and the ways they took to reach the Q. E. D., and institute for themselves, within the confines of home, a postgraduate course on "The Science of House- and Husband-Keeping," which their alma mater omitted.

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON.

BY H. G. WELLS.

XXV.

IS MR. CAVOR DEAD?

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH.—Suddenly there has come a silence. For three weeks no message has reached us from Mr. Cavor. And the last of the two that have arrived is of a nature so sinister that we are weighed down by the gravest apprehension.

It would seem that Cavor, by an act of almost inconceivable recklessness, has thrown away his freedom and quite probably his life.

Let us, however, put the two messages that have arrived since the 1st of May before the reader, and then he will be able to judge of the quality of our apprehension.

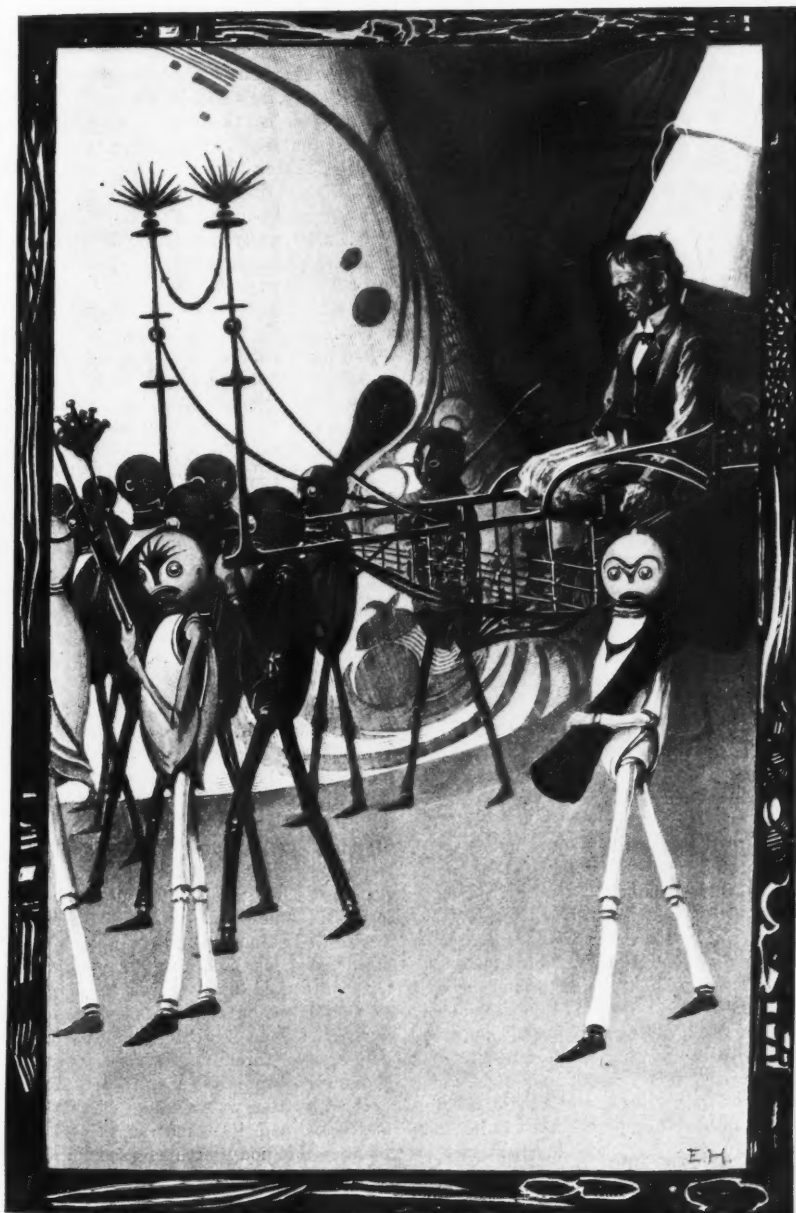
Of the two messages we have received, one is exceptionally long and the second a mere broken cry. The long one describes, with occasionally even elaborate detail, the encounter between Cavor and the Grand Lunar. He seems to have sent most of it without interference, but to have been interrupted in the concluding portion. The second came after an interval of a week.

The first message begins: "At last I am able to resume this——"; it then becomes illegible for a space, and after a time resumes in mid-sentence. The missing words of the following sentence are probably, "the crowd." There follows quite clearly: "——grew ever denser as we drew near the palace of the Grand Lunar—if I may call a series of excavations a palace. Everywhere faces stared at me, blank chitinous gapes and masks, big eyes peering over tremendous nose-tentacles, and little eyes beneath monstrous forehead plates. Below, an undergrowth of smaller creatures dodged and yelped, and grotesque heads poised on sinuous, swanlike, long, jointed necks appeared craning over shoulders and beneath armpits. Keeping a welcome space about me marched a cordon of stolid scuttle-headed guards who had joined us on our leaving the boat in which we had come along the channels of

the Central Sea. The flea-like artist with the little brain joined us also, and a thick bunch of lean porter-ants swayed and struggled under the multitude of conveniences that were considered essential to my state. I was carried in a litter during the final stage of our journey. It was made of some very ductile metal that looked dark to me, meshed and woven, and with bars of paler metal, and about me as I advanced there grouped itself a long and complicated procession.

"In front, after the manner of heralds, marched four trumpet-faced creatures making a devastating bray, and then came squat, almost beetle-like ushers before and behind, and on either hand a galaxy of learned Heads, a sort of animated encyclopedia, who were, Phi-oo explained, to stand about the Grand Lunar for purposes of reference. (Not a thing in lunar science, not a point of view or method of thinking, that these wonderful beings did not carry in their heads.) Followed guards and porters, and then Phi-oo's shivering brain borne also on a litter. Then came Tsi-puff in a slightly less important litter, then myself on a litter of greater elegance than any other, and surrounded by my food-and-drink attendants. More trumpeters came next, splitting the air with vehement outcries, and then several big Brains, special correspondents one might well call them or historiographers, charged with the task of observing and remembering every detail of this epoch-making interview. A company of attendants bearing and dragging banners and masses of scented fungus and curious symbols completed the procession. The way was lined by ushers and officers in caparisons that gleamed like steel, and beyond their line the heads and tentacles of that enormous crowd surged on either hand.

"I will own that I am still by no means indurated to the peculiar effect of the Sel-enite appearance, and to find myself as it were adrift on this broad sea of excited entomology was by no means agreeable. Just for a space I had something like what



Drawn by E. Hering.

"I WAS CARRIED IN A LITTER DURING THE FINAL STAGE OF OUR JOURNEY."

I should imagine people mean when they speak of the 'horrors.' It had come to me before in these lunar caverns, but never quite so vividly, when on occasion I have found myself weaponless and with an undefended back, amidst a crowd of these Selenites. It is, of course, as absolutely irrational a feeling as one could well have, and I hope gradually to subdue it. But just for a moment, as I swept forward into the welter of the vast crowd, it was only by gripping my litter tightly and summoning all my will-power that I succeeded in avoiding an outcry or some such manifestation. It lasted perhaps three minutes; then I had myself in hand again.

"We ascended the spiral of a vertical way for some time and then passed through a series of huge halls, dome-roofed and gloriously decorated. The approach to the Grand Lunar was certainly contrived to give one a sublime impression of his greatness. The halls—all, happily, sufficiently luminous for my terrestrial eye—were a cunning and elaborate crescendo of space and decoration. The effect of their progressive size was enhanced by the steady diminution in the lighting, and by a thin haze of incense that thickened as one advanced. In the earlier ones the vivid, clear light made everything finite and concrete to me; I seemed to advance continually to something larger, dimmer and less material.

"I must confess that all this splendor made me feel extremely shabby and unworthy. I was unshaven and unkempt; I had brought no razor; I had a coarse beard over my mouth. On earth I have always been inclined to despise any attention to my person beyond a proper regard to cleanliness, but under the exceptional circumstances in which I found myself, representing as I did my planet and my kind, and depending very largely upon the attractiveness of my appearance for a proper reception, I could have given much for something a little more artistic and dignified than the husks I wore. I had been so serene in the belief that the moon was uninhabited as to overlook such precautions altogether. As it was, I was dressed in a flannel jacket, knickerbockers and golfing stockings, stained with every sort of dirt the moon offered, slippers (of which the

left heel was wanting), and a blanket, through a hole in which I thrust my head. These clothes I still wear. Sharp bristles were anything but an improvement to my cast of features, and there was an unmended tear at the knee of my knickerbockers that showed conspicuously as I squatted in my litter; my right stocking, too, persisted in getting about my ankle. I am fully alive to the injustice my appearance did humanity, and if by any expedient I could have improvised something a little out of the way and imposing, I would have done so. But I could hit upon nothing. I did what I could with my blanket—folding it somewhat after the fashion of a toga—and for the rest I sat as upright as the swaying of my litter permitted.

"Imagine the largest hall that you have ever been in, elaborately decorated with blue and whitish-blue majolica, lit by blue light—you know not how—and surging with metallic or livid white creatures of such a mad diversity as I have hinted. Imagine this hall to end in an open archway, beyond which is a still larger hall, and beyond this yet another and still larger one, and so on. At the end of the vista a flight of steps, like the steps of Ara Coeli at Rome, ascends out of sight. Higher and higher these steps appear to go as one draws nearer their base. But at last I came under a huge archway and beheld the summit of these steps, and upon it the Grand Lunar exalted on his throne.

"He was seated in a blaze of incandescent blue. A hazy atmosphere filled the place so that its walls seemed invisibly remote. This gave him an effect of floating in a blue-black void. He seemed a small self-luminous cloud at first, brooding on his glaucous throne; his brain-case must have measured many yards in diameter. For some reason that I cannot fathom, a number of blue searchlights radiated from behind the throne on which he sat, as though he were a star, and immediately encircling him was a halo. About him, and little and indistinct in this glow, a number of body-servants sustained and supported him; and overshadowed, and standing in a huge semicircle beneath him, were his intellectual subordinates, his remembrancers and computators and searchers, his flatterers and servants, and all the

distinguished insects of the court of the moon. Still lower stood ushers and messengers; and then all down the countless steps of the throne were guards; and at the base, enormous, various, indistinct, a vast swaying multitude of the minor dignitaries of the moon. Their feet made a perpetual scraping whisper on the rocky floor, their limbs moved with a rustling murmur.

"As I entered the penultimate hall, the music rose and expanded into an imperial magnificence of sound and the shrieks of the news-bearers died away. . . .

"I entered the last and greatest hall.

"My procession opened out like a fan. My ushers and guards went right and left, and the three litters bearing myself and Phi-oo and Tsi-puff marched across a shining waste of floor to the foot of the giant stairs. Then began a vast throbbing hum that mingled with the music. The two Selenites dismounted, but I was bidden remain seated—I imagine as a special honor. The music ceased, but not that humming, and by a simultaneous movement of ten thousand respectful eyes my attention was directed to the enhaloed supreme intelligence that hovered above me.

"At first as I peered into the radiating blaze, this quintessential brain looked very much like an opaque featureless bladder with dim undulating ghosts of convolutions writhing visibly within. Then beneath its enormity, and just above the edge of the throne, one saw with a start minute elfin eyes peering out of the blaze. No face, but eyes, as if they peered through holes. At first I could see no more than these two staring little eyes, and then below I distinguished the little dwarfed body and its insect-jointed limbs shriveled and white. The eyes stared down at me with a strange intensity, and the lower part of the swollen globe was wrinkled. Ineffectual-looking little hand-tentacles steadied this shape on the throne. . . .

"It was great. It was pitiful. One forgot the hall and the crowd.

"I ascended the staircase by jerks. It seemed to me that the purple glowing brain-case above me spread over me, and took more and more of the whole effect into itself as I drew nearer. The tiers of attendants and helpers grouped about this

master seemed to dwindle and fade into the glare. I saw that the shadowy attendants were busy spraying that great brain with a cooling spray, and patting and sustaining it. For my own part I sat gripping my swaying litter and staring at the Grand Lunar, unable to turn my gaze aside. And at last as I reached a little landing that was separated only by ten steps or so from the supreme seat, the woven splendor of the music reached a climax and ceased, and I was left naked as it were, in that vastness, beneath the still scrutiny of the Grand Lunar's eyes.

"He was scanning the first man he had ever seen.

"My eyes dropped at last from his greatness to the faint figures in the blue mist about him, and then down the steps to the massed Selenites, still and expectant in their thousands, packed on the floor below. Once again an unreasonable horror reached out toward me. . . .

"After the pause came the salutation. I was assisted from my litter, and stood awkwardly, while a number of curious and no doubt deeply symbolical gestures were vicariously performed for me by two slender officials. The encyclopedic galaxy of the learned that had accompanied me to the entrance of the last hall appeared two steps above me and left and right of me, in readiness for the Grand Lunar's need, and Phi-oo's white brain placed itself about halfway up to the throne in such a position as to communicate easily between us without his turning his back on either the Grand Lunar or myself. Tsi-puff took up a position behind him. Dexterous ushers sidled quietly toward me, keeping a full face to the Presence. I seated myself Turkish fashion, and Phi-oo and Tsi-puff also knelt down above me. There came a pause. The eyes of the nearer court went from me to the Grand Lunar and came back to me, and a hiss and pipe of expectation passed across the hidden multitudes below, and ceased.

"That humming ceased.

"For the first and last time in my experience, the moon was silent.

"I became aware of a faint wheezy noise. The Grand Lunar was addressing me. It was the rubbing of a finger upon a pane of glass.

"I watched him attentively for a time, and then glanced at the alert Phi-oo. I felt amidst these filmy beings ridiculously thick and fleshy and solid; my head all jaw and black hair. My eyes went back to the Grand Lunar. He had ceased, his attendants were busy and his shining superficies was glistening and running with coolish spray.

"Phi-oo meditated through an interval. He consulted Tsi-puff. Then he began piping his recognizable English—at first a little nervously so that he was not very clear.

"'M'n—the Grand Lunar—wishes to say—wishes to say—he gathers you are—M'n—Men—that you are a Man from the planet Earth. He wishes to say that he welcomes you—welcomes you—and wishes to learn—learn, if I may use the word—the state of your world and the reason why you came to this.'

"He paused. I was about to reply when he resumed. He proceeded to remarks of which the drift was not very clear, though I am inclined to think they were intended to be complimentary. He told me that the earth was to the moon what the sun is to the earth and that the Selenites desired very greatly to learn about the earth and men. He then told me, no doubt in compliment also, the relative magnitude and diameter of earth and moon, and the perpetual wonder and speculation with which the Selenites had regarded our planet. I meditated with downcast eyes, and decided to reply that men too had wondered what might lie in the moon, and had judged it dead, little recking of such magnificence as I had seen that day. The Grand Lunar, in token of recognition, caused his blue searchlight to rotate in a very confusing manner, and all about the great hall ran the pipings and whisperings and rustlings of the report of what I had said.

"He then proceeded to put to Phi-oo a number of inquiries which were easier to answer.

"He understood, he explained, that we lived on the surface of the earth; that our air and sea were outside the globe—the latter part, indeed, he already knew from his astronomical specialists. He was very anxious to have more detailed information

of what he called this extraordinary state of affairs, for from the solidity of the earth there had always been a disposition to regard it as uninhabitable. He endeavored first to ascertain the extremes of temperature to which we earth-beings were exposed, and he was deeply interested by my descriptive treatment of clouds and rain. His imagination was assisted by the fact that the lunar atmosphere in the outer galleries of the night side is not infrequently very foggy. He seemed inclined to marvel that we did not find the sunlight too intense for our eyes, and was interested in my attempt to explain that the sky was tempered to a bluish color through the refraction of the air, though I doubt if he clearly understood that. I explained how the iris of the human eyes can contract the pupil and save the delicate internal structure from the excess of sunlight, and was allowed to approach within a few feet of the Presence in order that this structure might be seen. This led to a comparison of the lunar and the terrestrial eye. The former is not only excessively sensitive to such light as men can see, but it can also *see* heat, and every difference in temperature within the moon renders objects visible to it.

"The iris was quite a new organ to the Grand Lunar. For a time he amused himself by flashing his rays into my face and watching my pupils contract. As a consequence, I was dazzled and blinded for some little time.

"But in spite of that discomfort, I found something reassuring by insensible degrees in the rationality of this business of question and answer. I could shut my eyes, think of my answer, and almost forget that the Grand Lunar has no face. . . .

"When I had descended again to my proper place, the Grand Lunar asked how we sheltered ourselves from heat and storms, and I expounded to him the arts of building and furnishing. Here we wandered into misunderstandings and cross-purposes, due largely, I must admit, to the looseness of my expressions. I long had great difficulty in making him understand the nature of a house. To him and his attendant Selenites it seemed no doubt the most whimsical thing in the world that men should build houses when they might



Drawn by E. Hering.

" 'THROUGH A SERIES OF HUGE HALLS, DOME-ROOFED AND GLORIOUSLY DECORATED.' "

descend into excavations, and an additional complication was introduced by the attempt I made to explain that men had originally begun their homes in caves and that they were now taking their railways and many establishments beneath the surface. Here, I think, a desire for intellectual completeness betrayed me. There was also a considerable tangle due to an equally unwise attempt on my part to explain about mines. Dismissing this topic at last in an incomplete state, the Grand Lunar inquired what we did with the interior of our globe.

"A tide of twittering and piping swept into the remotest corners of that great assembly, when it was at last made clear that we men knew absolutely nothing of the contents of the world upon which the immemorial generations of our ancestors had been evolved. Three times had I to repeat that of all the four thousand miles of substance between the earth and its center men knew only to the depth of a mile, and that very vaguely. I understood the Grand Lunar asked why I had come to the moon, seeing we had scarcely touched our own planet yet, but he did not trouble me at that time to proceed to an explanation, being too anxious to pursue the details of this mad inversion of all his ideas.

"He reverted to the question of weather, and I tried to describe the perpetually changing sky, and snow and frost and hurricanes. 'But when the night comes,' he asked, 'is it not cold?'

"I told him it was colder than by day.

"And does not your atmosphere freeze?'

"I told him not; that it was never cold enough for that, because our nights were so short.

"Not even liquefy?'

"I was about to say 'No,' but then it occurred to me that one part, at least, of our atmosphere, the water vapor of it, does sometimes liquefy and form dew, and sometimes freeze and form frost—a process perfectly analogous to the freezing of all the external atmosphere of the moon, during its longer night. I made myself clear on this point, and from that the Grand Lunar went on to speak with me of sleep. For the need of sleep that comes so regularly every twenty-four hours to all things, is

part also of our earthly inheritance. On the moon they rest only at rare intervals and after exceptional exertions. Then I tried to describe to him the soft splendors of a summer night, and from that I passed to a description of those animals that prowl by night and sleep by day. I told him of lions and tigers, and here it seemed as though we had come to a deadlock. For save in their waters there are no creatures in the moon not absolutely domestic and subject to the Selenites' will, and so it has been for immemorial years. They have monstrous water-creatures, but no evil beasts. And the idea of anything strong and large existing 'outside' in the night is very difficult for them.

"And these creatures slay men?' he asked in amazement.

"I said that sometimes they did that, but chiefly they killed cattle and such beasts.

"But why do you not kill them all?'

"We shall, some day,' I said, and after the Grand Lunar had, for some reason I could not grasp, worried over that for a little time, he passed to other things.

"There was an interval while he talked with his attendants—as I suppose, upon the strange superficiality and unreasonableness of man, who lives on the mere surface of a world, a creature of waves and winds and all the chances of space, who cannot even unite to overcome the beasts that prey upon his kind, and who yet dares to invade another planet. During the aside, I sat thinking, and then at his desire I told him of the different sorts of men. He searched me with questions. 'And for all sorts of work, you have the same sort of men! But who thinks? Who governs?'

"I gave him an outline of the democratic method.

"When I had done, he ordered cooling sprays upon his brow, and then requested me to repeat my explanation, conceiving something had miscarried.

"Do they not do different things then?' said Phi-oo.

"Some, I admitted, were thinkers and some officials; some hunted, some were mechanics; some artists, some toilers. 'But all rule,' I said.

"And have they not different shapes to fit them to their different duties?'



Drawn by E. Hering.

"THE GRAND LUNAR . . . CAUSED HIS BLUE SEARCHLIGHT TO ROTATE IN A VERY CONFUSING MANNER."

"'None that you can see,' I said, '— except perhaps for clothes.' Then, 'Their minds perhaps differ a little,' I reflected.

"'Their minds must differ a great deal,' said the Grand Lunar, 'or they would all want to do the same things. This is not the truth you tell me.'

"In order to bring myself into a closer harmony with his preconceptions, I said that this surmise was right. 'It was all hidden in the brain,' I said, 'but the difference was there. There were great men and small men, men who could reach out far and wide and men who could go swiftly, noisy trumpet-minded men and men who could remember without thinking.' As I spoke, the image grew upon me.

"He interrupted me to recall me to my previous statement. 'But you said all men rule?' he pressed.

"'Well, to a certain extent,' I said, and made, I fear, a denser fog with my explanation. He reached out to a salient fact: 'Do you mean,' he asked, 'that there is no Grand Earthly?'

"I thought of several people, but assured him finally there was none. I explained that such autocrats and emperors as we had tried upon earth had usually ended in drink or vice or violence, and that the large and influential section of the people of the earth to which I belonged, the Anglo-Saxons, did not mean to try that sort of thing again. At which the Grand Lunar was even more amazed.

"'But how do you keep even such wisdom as you have?' he asked, and I explained to him the way we helped our limited brains with libraries of books. I explained to him how our science was growing by the united labors of innumerable little men, and on that he made no comment save that it was evident we had mastered much in spite of our social savagery or we could not have come to the moon. Yet the contrast was very marked. With knowledge the Selenites grew and changed; mankind stored their knowledge about them and remained brutes—equipped. He said this—as politely as possible. For a space he pondered, and then began questioning me very closely concerning birth and the education of men and the ways they die.

"He then caused me to explain how we went about this earth of ours, and I described to him our railways and ships. For a time he could not understand that we had had the use of steam only one hundred years, but when he did he was clearly amazed. (I may mention as a singular thing that the Selenites use years to count by just as we do on earth, though I can make nothing of their numeral system. That, however, does not matter, because Phi-oo understands ours.) From that I went on to tell him that mankind had dwelt in cities only for nine or ten thousand years, and that we were still not united in one brotherhood, but under many different forms of government. This astonished the Grand Lunar very much when it was made clear to him—at first he thought we referred merely to administrative areas.

"'Our states and empires are still the rawest sketches of what order will some day be,' I said, and so I came to tell him of struggles and competition, of annexations and oppressions and war. The Grand Lunar was greatly impressed by the folly of men in clinging to the inconvenience of diverse tongues. 'They want to communicate and yet not to communicate,' he said, and then for a long time he questioned me closely concerning war.

"He was at first perplexed and incredulous. 'You mean to say,' he asked, seeking confirmation, 'that you run about over the surface of your world, this world whose riches you have scarcely begun to scrape, killing one another for beasts to eat?'

"I told him that was perfectly correct.

"He asked for particulars to assist his imagination. 'But do not your ships and your poor little cities get injured?' he asked, and I found the waste of property and conveniences seemed to impress him almost as much as the killing. 'Tell me more,' said the Grand Lunar. 'Make me see pictures. I cannot conceive these things.'

"And so for a space, though something loath, I told him the story of War.

"I told him of the first orders and ceremonies of war, of warnings and ultimatums and the marshaling and marching of troops. I gave him an idea of manœuvres and positions and battle joined. I told him of

sieges and assaults, of starvation and hardship in trenches and of sentinels freezing in the snow. I told him of routs and surprises and desperate last stands and faint hopes and the pitiless pursuit of fugitives and the dead upon the field. I told, too, of the past, of invasions and massacres, of the Huns and Tartars, and the wars of Mohammed and the Califs, and of the Cru-

battle of Manila. The Grand Lunar was so incredulous that he interrupted the translation of what I had said in order to have my verification of my account. The Selenites particularly doubted my description of the men cheering and rejoicing as they went into battle.

"'But surely they do not like it!'" translated Phi-oo.



Drawn by E. Hering.

"'I WAS MAD TO LET THE GRAND LUNAR KNOW.'"

sades. And as I went on and Phi-oo translated, the Selenites cooed and murmured in a steadily intensified emotion.

"I told them an ironclad could fire a shot of a ton twelve miles, and go through twenty feet of iron—and how we could steer torpedoes under water.

"I went on to describe a Maxim gun in action, and what I could imagine of the

"I assured them men of my race considered battle the most glorious experience of life, at which the whole assembly was stricken with amazement.

"'But what good is this war?' asked the Grand Lunar, sticking to his theme.

"'Oh! as for good——'" said I. "It thins the population!"

"'But why should there be a need?

. . . Of course, we can understand the pressure, but why should there be the pressure?"

"I launched upon further explanations.

"You must remember," I said, "we are only beginning. Man has scarcely awakened to himself and the universe about him. All his lesson he has still to learn. As yet this is only the dawn of mankind."

"The Grand Lunar went back to my meteorological descriptions, and certain things I had explained about colors, for an image.

"It is a red dawn," he said.

"There came a pause; the cooling sprays impinged upon his brow; and then he spoke again.

"And now," he said, "with all your own planet untouched, you men have learned a way, we do not know how, of crossing the Great Outside, and you are coming to the moon. It is meet we should get ready."

"We thought the moon was lifeless," I said.

"When will the next men come?" he asked. "And what will they do when they come? You—or he that was with you—have slain our children, twenty or twenty-one you have broken or slain. Of that we have yet to speak together. Is that the way with all? Will the others do likewise? Do they mean to bring this War of yours here? Because at first our mooncalf-minders chased you and the one who has gone back? You said that such things, or some things like them, have led to war. Must we get weapons ready, and balance all our order afresh, to make warriors and engines for the slaying of men? Now we have only goads and engines for slaying mooncalves and the creatures of the deep. Must we also walk the way of death, and guard our galleries forever against Death and Disorder from the Great Outside?"

"I looked at all the splendors about me. 'They shall not bring War,' I said.

"Did they send you to tell us that? And how do we know they will do the thing they promise? Did they send you to tell us that, or do you promise of your own accord?"

"They did not send me," I answered.

"Did you say, men did not send you?"

"No—I came."

"Not alone."

"No. But the other who came with me lives, I fear, no more."

"Has he not gone back to earth, then, because he slew our children? We have not spoken of it heretofore. Of that we have yet to speak together."

"I wish I could think he was back on earth," I said, and began to explain to him more clearly just how I had made Cavorite, and my motives in coming. I felt the taint of human folly hang about me until I could make myself clear to him. I had no thought but to tell the truth to him. And as I unfolded my thought, the Grand Lunar called to his aid two specialists in natural philosophy, who interrogated me very closely upon my discovery. I was able in a little while to get to an understanding with them, and at last to elucidate what had been a puzzle to me ever since I realized the vastness of their science, namely, how it is they themselves have never discovered Cavorite. I find they know of it as a theoretical substance, but they have always regarded it as a practical impossibility because, for some reason, there is no helium in the moon, and helium is clearly an essential factor in the final surface-tempering.

"In the course of this conversation it became apparent, I hardly know how, that the making of Cavorite is my secret, and unknown on earth now that I am away. Now that I have had time to reflect, it seems to me that it was perhaps a little indiscreet— But yet, after all, was it indiscreet? There was no change in the things about me, as that point grew clearer. The Grand Lunar went on with his questions for a space. I do not think I have committed any indiscretion, after all, in telling him the truth.

"There is something in the presence of this vast calm intellect that disinclines me for any deception. I feel most intensely that I want to bring the earth before him, to develop the contrast of our lives, to come in that manner in rapport with this mightiness of mind. When Cavorite and the sphere and my journey had been made clear to him, and all my motives, and I had made an apology for the folly and violences of Bedford in which I had par-

ticipated, the Grand Lunar said that he had heard enough from me for a space and that he had need to think, and after certain ceremonies of departure I was replaced in my litter and brought to my present apartments near this apparatus. And after an interval of repose, I am here transmitting this message, and here I suppose I shall remain until it shall please the Grand Lunar to declare his thinking at an end and to send for me again.

"I am glad that I have been undisturbed long enough to transmit so full an account of what has passed in this astonishing encounter. I have endeavored to do so while the impression was still fresh and vivid in my mind, though already I fear much has escaped me. I hope in my next audience that I shall be able to make clear to him, what at present is, I fear, obscure, that the vehemence and cruelty of war is as antipathetic to me as it is to him, and that I have no intention in the future of transmitting the secret of my substance to earth, except under such safeguards as shall render an interplanetary tragedy impossible. I feel convinced he will clearly understand my attitude—the attitude of all enlightened men. Once I have made this explanation, I have no doubt——"

Here the message breaks off.

But there is too much reason to fear that Cavor's confidence in the Grand Lunar was misplaced. He had talked of War, he had talked of all the irrational violence of men, and then he had confessed that upon himself alone hung the possibility—at least for a long time—of any further men reaching the moon. The line the cold inhuman reason of the moon would take seems plain enough to me, and a suspicion of it seems to be even dawning in that last message of Cavor's. One imagines him

going about the moon-world with the remorse of his indiscretion growing in his mind. During that time the Grand Lunar was thinking over the new situation. We imagine obstacles of some sort prevented Cavor getting to his electromagnetic apparatus again. Perhaps he was having fresh audiences and trying to evade his previous admissions. Who knows? For a whole week no message reached us. Then a grimly significant enigma came, the broken beginnings of two sentences.

The first was:—

"I was mad to let the Grand Lunar know——"

There was an interval of perhaps a minute. One imagines some interruption from without. A departure from the instrument—a dreadful hesitation among the looming masses of apparatus in that dim blue-lit cavern—a sudden rush back to it, full of a resolve that came all too late. Then, as if it were hastily transmitted, came:—

"Cavorite made as follows: take——"

There followed one word, a quite unmeaning word as it stands:—

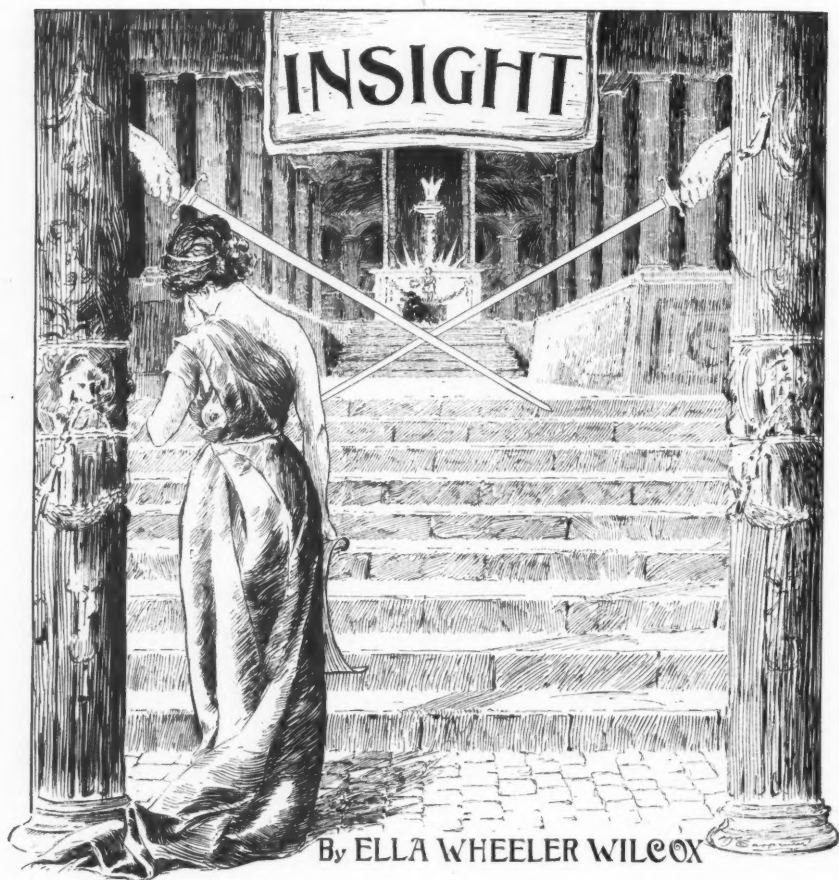
"Uless."

And that is all.

It may be he made a hasty attempt to spell "useless" when his fate was close upon him. Whatever it was that was happening about that apparatus, I fear only too certainly that it was something that will prevent our ever hearing from the moon-world again. For my own part, a vivid dream has come to my help, and I see, almost as plainly as though I had seen it in actual fact, a blue-lit, disheveled Cavor struggling in the grip of a great number of Selenites and being forced backward step by step out of all speech or sign of his fellows, forevermore, into the Unknown—into the dark, into a living death.

(THE END.)





ON the river of life as I float along,
 I see with the spirit's sight
 That many a nauseous weed of wrong
 Has root in a seed of right.
 For evil is good that has gone astray,
 And sorrow is only blindness,
 And the world is always under the sway
 Of a changeless law of kindness.
 The commonest error that truth can make
 Is shouting its sweet voice hoarse,
 And sin is only the soul's mistake
 In misdirecting its force.

And love, the fairest of all fair things
 That ever to man descended,
 Grows rank with nettles and pois'nous stings
 Unless it is watched and tended.

There could not be anything better than this
 Old world in the way it began,
 And though some matters have gone amiss
 From the great original plan,
 And however dark the skies may appear,
 And however souls may blunder,
 I tell you it all will work out clear,
 For good lies over and under.

Of late we have had an influx of literature from the Old World bearing on the subject of the inferiority of woman's brain as compared with man's. Both an Italian and a German scientist have pointed out to us the fact that, while woman has done many great things, she has never done the greatest things, even in her own realms. There has been no woman Shakespeare, Beethoven, Hugo, Meissonier, Praxiteles, but, sadder still, there are no women who in cooking, dressmaking or millinery can compete with the achievements of the men in these essentially feminine vocations.

I am in receipt of a letter which seems to bear directly on this subject. Between the lines, the reader, if possessed of an analytical mind, may find one of the explanations why woman is not, never was and probably never will be man's equal in any of the arts, trades or sciences:—

"Most people say that all their lives they have heard women declare that they 'despise the work of washing dishes.' Having heard this statement from boyhood to date, some three or four years ago I invented a dish-washing machine—a machine perfect and complete in every particular.

"I speak not as an enthusiastic inventor, but as an engineer and manufacturer with more than thirty years' experience—one whose patents, more than forty in number, have earned large fortunes and are now supporting more than three hundred people; patents with net earnings to present owners in excess of one hundred thousand dollars per annum.

"The machine was not only complete from a mechanical, effective and sanitary standpoint, but was of exceedingly small cost to the purchaser—only about five dollars. It can be used in every house having city water in the kitchen.

"I have seen a lady, dressed in her Sunday clothes and wearing kid gloves, wash a hundred and fifty-nine pieces in less than sixty seconds, and in a manner better than it would have been possible for the work to be done by usual methods in thirty minutes—better because hotter water could be used, better because dishes could not be broken, and better because of the absolutely sanitary manner in which alone the machine could operate.

"Notwithstanding the facts heretofore stated, no invention ever fell more flat. I spent nearly two thousand dollars in trying to get it on the market, but the women *did not want it*, the girl in the kitchen *would not use it*. The situation was exactly this: The housekeeper who did not have a servant 'could not afford it'; those who do have servants are indifferent, many of them saying, 'We pay the girl for all her time; it makes no difference to us whether she washes the dishes in thirty seconds or requires an hour—that is her business, not mine.'

"They took no interest whatever in the sanitary side of the question. Nor is the fact that dishes cannot be broken seemingly of any interest; most of them say, 'If my girl breaks a dish, I take the cost from her week's wages.'

"Would men so turn down a machine that they could use on the farm or in the factory? The result of the experience here described has caused me to determine never again to invent or manufacture anything that must be purchased by women, except something for them to wear; but not being in that line, I shall never be a benefactor to the female portion of the human race."

I can testify to the truth of this man's statement. Brimming with sympathy for the assistants in my own household who have to devote so much of their time to the cleansing of dishes, I bought one of these dish-washing machines when it was first placed upon the market. I tried it myself and found it to be all that was claimed for it. In delightful anticipation, I introduced it to my housekeeping assistants, by whom it was used—just once. "It was more bother than it was worth," was their explanation. "I can do it easier the old way," has been the report of three capable and unusually intelligent women skilled in all the departments of house-keeping. And yet, according to the clock and my own observation, the old way takes them double the length of time at the very least calculation. In desperation, I began to lend my dish-washer to some of my intellectual and anxious women friends, who kept no maid, and who complained to me that, while they enjoy catering to the appetites of their own families and while

they look upon cooking as a pleasure, they begrudge the time spent upon the cleansing of dishes. Each one hailed the idea of a dish-washer with delight. Not one put it into use the second time. It was "a great deal of bother" to get the water hot enough, they said, and they were more used to the old way. So the poor deserted little machine stands in the corner of the attic in my seashore house, with all its willing impulses to help womankind shut in its little tin heart. The gifted author of the above letter is quite right in saying that only in the invention of something that will enhance women's appearance can there rest any hope of success for the inventive mind. It is said that the road to a man's heart lies in his stomach; the road to a woman's pocket lies through her vanity. A dear, delightful, lovable creature is woman, but her lack of logic renders it difficult to be of actual service to her in the practical realms of life.

I have no doubt that three-fourths of my feminine readers will be seized with a desire to possess one of these dish-washers. They will believe they have the qualities lacking in those whom I have encountered, and their first impulse will be to write and ask me for the address of the inventor.

To avoid this trouble on their part, and a consequent disappointment, I will state right here that the machine has been taken from the market and is no longer manufactured.

As for my own purchase, I intend to keep it as an heirloom for future generations. It may be unearthed a thousand years from now, after this country has undergone some of nature's periodical convulsions, and its discovery may serve to puzzle wise men, and interest students of antiquity.

I like to imagine all sorts of possibilities of this kind for my unfortunate dish-washing machine, since its mission in the present time has been so abbreviated.

Whatever woman's gifts may be, she lacks the concentration necessary to make her great.

She lacks system.

She lacks patience to await results.

And she is distracted by many details which do not interfere with men's minds when they are intent upon a purpose.

She is concerned with how she looks and with what she wears.

But why is all this?

Man thinks only of what he does, yet when he has finished his task for the day, he occupies himself with woman, and he wishes her to be pleasing to the eye and soothing to the mind.

It was the original design of Nature that this should be so.

If man had only been content to leave things as God ordained them, all would have been well with the sexes.

But first he began to sneer at woman's duties as trivial and unimportant, and then he began to pity her as a poor weak creature, subject to his will or whim, and dependent upon him for pleasure, happiness, occupation and position.

Next he began to neglect her. Now there is a peculiar fact which we may observe running all through nature, that daughters more frequently resemble their fathers in mind and manner than do sons. However carefully a man may select a pretty, pug-nosed, unintellectual woman for a wife, nature often forces upon him an aquiline-nosed, brilliant daughter, especially if his wife loves him devotedly, and is prone to gaze with admiration upon his aquiline features, and to adore his mental superiority. It was, I doubt not, some daughter of her father who first dared wander from woman's true sphere and attempt to make a life for herself, independent of man. It was impossible for her to be content, like her pug-nosed mother, with the ridicule, the sneers and the neglect of men.

And so she opened Pandora's box for her sex.

And I can imagine the horror of her father over the thought that his daughter had so unsexed herself, and his admonition to her to emulate her mother—forgetting utterly, as men do, all the results of fatherhood; once the child is conceived, they seem to think her a purely maternal creation, and whatever her traits may be, they shirk all sense of responsibility regarding them. Though her weaknesses may be identical with those of their own early youth, the mother is blamed for them. Who ever heard a father confess that a prodigal daughter was the reflection

of himself, even when the whole world was conscious of the fact?

But however aquiline the daughter's nose, and however like her father's her trend of mind, the "eternal feminine" is yet there in her brain, as God intended it to be. In the field of achievement she accomplishes much, but never the most. She does well, but never the best. She is often grand, but never great. She was not meant to be a colossal figure, but a picturesque one. She is erratic and spasmodic as a worker, and not given to being logical or consistent even in her own realm, as the letter I quote testifies.

But had man been ready to appreciate her original virtues, to be patient with her weaknesses, to sympathize with her labors, and to admire her excellent domestic qualities, he would not need to devote so much time now to dissertations regarding her mental inferiority.

She would never have essayed to be superior in the mental realm had men given her smiles instead of sneers, admiration instead of pity, as she went about her ordained way.

Of all sentiments which are possible to the human heart, woman least desires pity from man. Though her realm by Nature was meant to be more restricted than his, yet was she Queen therein—Queen Consort of the King, from whom she had a right to expect companionship and respect, not ridicule or pity.

All this talk of equality and inequality of the sexes is senseless. Nature created man and woman as two parts of one whole. Each is dependent upon the other—each is necessary to the other. Neither should pity the other, any more than the hand should pity the arm or the breath pity the heart.

Sirs, when you pity us, I say
You waste your pity. Let it stay,
Well corked and stored upon your shelves,
Until you need it for yourselves.

We do appreciate God's thought
In forming you, before He brought
Us into life. His art was crude,
But oh, so virile in its rude,

Large, elemental strength; and then
He learned His trade in making men,
Learned how to mix and mold the clay
And fashion in a finer way.

How fine that skilful way can be
You need not lift your eyes to see;
And we are glad God placed you there
To lift your eyes and find us fair.

Apprentice labor though you were,
He made you great enough to stir
The best and deepest depths of us,
And we are glad He made you thus.

Aye! we are glad of many things;
God strung our hearts with such fine strings
The least breath moves them, and we hear
Music where silence greets your ear.

We suffer so? But women's souls,
Like violet-powder dropped on coals,
Give forth their best in anguish. Oh,
The subtle secrets that we know

Of joy in sorrow, strange delights
Of ecstasy in pain-filled nights,
And mysteries of gain in loss
Known but to Christ upon the cross!

Our tears are pitiful to you?
Look how the heaven-reflecting dew
Dissolves its life in tears. The sand
Meanwhile lies hard upon the strand.

How could your pity find a place
For us, the mothers of the race?
Men may be fathers unaware,
So poor the title is you wear.

But mothers—who that crown adorns
Knows all its mingled blooms and thorns,
And she whose feet that pain hath trod
Hath walked upon the heights with God.

No, offer us not pity's cup.
There is no looking down or up
Between us; eye looks straight in eye:
Born equals, so we live and die.



THE SECRET ORCHARD.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK II. (*Continued*).—THE EVENING OF THE DAY.

"And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron."—*Deuteronomy*.

XIX.

HELEN gently turned the handle of the door and peeped in. The small lamp was still glowing under its pink shade over the girl's bed, but Joy was asleep.

The Duchess crept softly to her side and looked down. So strong was the mother-instinct in this childless woman's heart that she, who had never tasted the delight of the "good-night" nursery visit, who had never known the stealthy gloating over one's treasure—one's very own!—who had never known the rush of protecting tenderness over the helpless being that owes one the very breath of life, felt something of the sweet pain of all these emotions stir her heart over the child of her adoption. Here at last was a child; and she, who had been cheated of motherhood's first joys, was now pleased to cheat herself with the fancy that she could still trace some baby graces in her foundling. Childish enough looked the sleeping face in its soft relaxation; childish the aureole of curling hair, as pale as morning sunshine and as fine as gossamer threads; childishly pouted the lips and childishly lay the small, curved hands, one flung outside the pink coverlet, the other curling up to the mouth. Just so Helen had seen many a peasant child lie in its woodencot.

Ah!—she bent closer—what a sobbing sigh! The little one had been weeping; the long lashes were still matted and wet with tears! Yet it was only as a child may cry, for now in her sleep she smiled and—what was this? Shining between her fingers was the string of pearls; Joy had fallen asleep holding them to her lips. Helen's heart melted altogether within her. In her loneliness, her strangeness, her fatigue and excitement, this poor child had turned for consolation to the only thing that had come to her from her mother—"from one who loved her!"

"What do you know of my mother, madame?" That had been the first question she had asked when they found themselves alone together. Alas! what could Helen tell that innocence about her mother?

"She is dead. She loved you. She wished me to have you," had been the hesitating answer. The girl had given her a quick, strange look, and had fallen back into her shy silence.

The thought of the poor mother and of her sacrifice, the pity of it, brought the tears to Helen's eyes. Then, after her fashion of carrying everything beyond the world, she prayed God to help her to be a faithful mother to His forlorn creature; she prayed for a blessing upon her new duties, and most earnestly for one upon the young creature.

"Oh, my God," she said, "let these be the last tears of sorrow that she may shed in this house!"

As Helen reëntered her own sitting-room, she found her husband seated by the wood-fire. He looked up, and his face became softened with that glance of love and admiration so long known, yet as ever dearly prized by her—that look which, after fourteen years, had still the power of making her heart flutter like that of a happy girl.

"I have just been looking at the child; she is asleep." And, as she spoke the words, the thought of the ineffable joy it would have been to look at a child of his and hers struck her to the heart like a dagger-stab. But in the very grip of her own pain she noticed how his face changed. In an instant she was on her knees beside him, her arms round his neck. "But we are very happy, Cluny, are we not?"

He caught her to him with the same extraordinary passion he had already shown, that evening. She disengaged herself to look into his face, her hands pressed against his shoulders. The loose sleeves

of her dressing-gown fell back from her white arms.

Beautiful! Oh, she was that indeed! thought the man, as he contemplated her. But it was not for her beauty alone he now loved her as he did—his Helen!

He clasped his feverish hands round her wrists, and madly kissed the lovely arm up to the soft curve of the elbow.

"My saint! my love! my wife!" cried he, almost beside himself.

Through his ardor, the sense of the trouble seething within him betrayed itself to her quick feminine perception. She began to tremble.

"Cluny, what is it? Tell me. You are not yourself; you have not been yourself this evening."

"Have I not?" said he, and devoured her lovely face with his piteous eyes. "Forgive me, my beloved."

Again she put her arms about him, and drew his head with her maternal gesture to beautiful rest on her bosom.

"Do not speak," said she; "I think I know." The echo of many tears had come into her voice. She paused for a moment. "You have never let me guess it," she said at last, "till to-night. But you, too, have mourned for our silent house, for our love that has been so perfect, so great, yet has had to remain so sterile."

He interrupted her with broken words, not daring to lift his head from her confiding breast. "His happiness," he murmured, "required nothing more. He had never felt the want of children, so long as he had her. So long as he kept her. . . . She was his all."

She smiled as she answered, but he felt only how her bosom heaved.

"You are too good to me, Cluny. Indeed, I have been too happy. No, no, do

not call me a saint! 'Tis so easy to help others a little. And you know, Cluny, you know, I try to be good; I am afraid of the judgments of God. You all talk of my charity, my piety. It's not true, it's all cowardice. I want, so to speak, to bribe the Almighty into leaving me my happiness. Oh, I feel such a terror sometimes!"

Her voice came more faintly. The man tightened his grasp of her and lifted his head. Their eyes sought each other's almost like those of two frightened children.

"Oh, Cluny," she cried, "do you ever feel afraid, too?"

"My God, yes!"

"Ah, darling!" It was a great cry; all the joy, the pride of the woman loved, rang in it.

After a pause, during which the warm comfort of her presence, the magic of her beauty, the intoxication of his love, began to invade the man's whole being, she suddenly rose to her feet. Unconsciously triumphant in her loveliness she stood, looking down at him, half shyly, half victoriously. The long ropes of her hair, unpinned but not yet untwisted, fell on either side of her shoulders to her knees. The pillar of her throat rose proudly. The firm sweep of her bosom showed superb under the folds of lace. Through drooping lids her sweet eyes caressed him, her teeth gleamed between lips parted for a little happy laugh.

"Since mon seigneur," she said, "still loves his old wife, after all, why should either he or I fear?"

And Favereau's words once more echoed in Cluny's ear:

"You have the present still, man. He who knows how to hold the present must not fear the future."

BOOK III.—A WEEK LATER.

"And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night. . . . In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even! And at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning!"—*Deuteronomy*.

XX.

The lower terrace-walk beneath the sun-warmed crumbling wall, against which the apricots merged from green immaturity to red and yellow pulpiness; where well-nigh all the year round the bees hummed over

the old-fashioned thyme and balm-mint beds; where it was a black day indeed if there were not at least a few rays of sunshine to be trapped—this was the canon's favorite walk. And here at certain hours, changing according to the seasons, he was

wont to read his breviary; wont also, on rare occasions, to grant himself a delightful snatch of leisure over some well-worn little ivory-yellow volume—Vergil's "Georgics," from the founts of Aldus Manutius, it might be. Balmy-scented, sun-kissed, were these moments of self-indulgence, sung to by the humming of those bees that Vergil loved, shot through with a pipe of birds, woven in with color and shadow.

These sheltered twenty yards of homely garden beauty (so different from the almost royal pleasure-grounds originally laid out by the pompous Le Nôtre) were therefore known as "the Canon's Walk." And "the canon's hour," understood to be piously devoted to the breviary, was respected by all the inhabitants of Luciennes down to the smallest blouse in the garden. So much so, indeed, that the good priest was not without some twinges of conscience on the occasions above mentioned, when (the spirit of Maro irresistibly alluring him to commune through flower and sunshine and wing-murmurs) he had yielded, and lingered in his retreat beyond the appointed limit. Nay, there had been days when the crime of having hurried ever so little over the breviary in order to dally with the fascinating pagan had actually lain heavy on his soul!

On this morning, though the autumn had advanced by yet another week since the radiant afternoon when the guests had arrived at Luciennes; though red-and-yellow leaves played the part of ruddy ghosts of long-eaten apricots against the wall; though in the wild-balsam beds, under the shelter of the wall's shadow, heavy beads of dew still marked the passage of last night's frost, so much summer lingered in this happy spot that the canon, with half his prayers still unread, had lapsed by almost imperceptible degrees into his favorite corner on the ancient stone bench. It was quite warm in the sun; the bees were very melodious, the smell of the herbs was heavy-sweet. The very amiable little devil that had charge of the canon's weaknesses found his task unwontedly easy. Somehow the breviary slipped down from the canon's knees to the ground.

The canon knew the words by heart; he

went on murmuring, in tune with the rustling leaves:

"*Spiritus enim meus super mel dulcis; et hereditas mea super mel et favum. Alleluia, alleluia.*"

And away floated the soul of the canon on the wings of bees and breeze.

"Sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. How beautiful!" he thought; and while his delicate, scholarly mind moved in harmony with his thankful heart, his eyes were lost in the blue of a happy sky.

But—

"*Hinc ubi jam emissum caveis ad sidera coeli Nare per restatem liquidam suspexeris agnem. . . . Contemplator,*"

whispered the imp in his ear. Back came the canon's soul from the realms of spiritual sweetness to a charming pagan earth, astrir with the humming of Vergil's honey-seekers.

In some most extraordinary manner the little vellum Aldine (heathen from title-page to colophon) now lay upon his knee! It opened slowly, quite of its own accord, like a flower unfolded to the sun, at the very passage—that favorite page of the canon's, upon which the set of the print on the yellowing paper, the harmonious proportions of word and line, the shapely Petrarcan lettering, were dear to him as the sight of a well-known and well-loved face.

"Aha, my friend, I catch you at it!" said a loud jeering voice.

Thus rudely recalled from floating circles of elysian peace, the canon opened his eyes with a start.

"I was meditating," he began, with great dignity. "It is a frequent habit of mine to take a text of my breviary for morning contemplation."

He spoke, serenely persuaded of his own blameless innocence, when his glance fell upon the volume open on his knees. His jaw dropped.

"So I see," cried the doctor, with his great laugh. "Aha!" and nipped the book from his friend's lap.

The canon blushed, then winced to see his delicate treasure caught by two leaves like a butterfly by its wings. He stretched out a protecting hand, which the doctor,

glorying in his advantage, met with an elbow.

"Surely," says the Duchess, "you would not think of disturbing the canon at his meditations!" "Oh, yes," says the gardener, "Mr. the canon is down there, but Mr. the doctor is not dreaming of disturbing him at this hour?" And Jacques, sweeping the valley over there with his yelp: "Not that way, m'sieu! Not that way! M'sieu le chanoine is praying." Aha! I could get myself a reputation for sanctity too on those terms. Eh, the fine meditation!" And the doctor read out:

"Illum adeo placuisse apibus mirabere morem
Quod nec concubitu indulgent, nec corpora
segnes
In Venerem solvant, aut fetus nixibus edunt."

"Tiens, tiens, I could meditate on that myself, mere curer of bodies as I am."

The poor canon writhed, as much perhaps on account of the doctor's butchery of lilt and quantity as from the human irritation of one caught napping, in every sense of the word. The color deepened on his cheek. The hand which conveyed the comforting pinch of snuff to his nostrils shook perceptibly. He flung quite a shame-faced glance at the doctor, and, closing his snuff-box, said with humility:

"I hope I have never posed as a saint, Doctor. But if I have unwittingly led any one to think that of me, I am justly punished by being found out at the very moment when I was giving full vent to self-indulgence and sloth. Occasions of too frequent occurrence indeed!"

The doctor looked quickly at the stately white head bent, and the expression of his good-natured, mocking face changed. He cleared his throat, closed the Aldine carefully and laid it back on the other's knee. Next he stooped and picked up the breviary, dusted it and deposited it on the bench.

"Oh," he said then, in a detached voice, "if there were more of them like you, I'd begin to believe in the use of saints! A pinch from your box, Canon."

Their eyes met. It was with comfortable sympathy and understanding.

"Ah, aha, hum!" said the doctor, and snuffed noisily. "Well, now, my gossip, that I have run you down, I suppose we

can have a few moments' quiet talk. Not to beat about the bush: how do you think things are going on with our friends up yonder?"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. The canon turned toward him with some surprise and concern.

"What makes you say that?"

"Ah, mon Dieu!"—Lebel shrugged his shoulders—"to have your opinion on the subject, I suppose. Look here, my good sir, you are the keeper of consciences up there, I am keeper of mere bodies, even as I said just now. But we are always coming across each other for all that." He saw a flicker of controversial triumph in the canon's eye, and hastily proceeded with his good-natured, brutal frankness: "I have not looked you up to waste my time upon arguments of theodicy, you may be sure; I have too much to do with this life and this life's mechanisms just now. Briefly, then, you have influence that I, rightly or wrongly, cannot pretend to. I'll not discuss it. Well, then, you had better use it." Again the stubby finger came into play. "Get the Duchess," said the doctor slowly, "to rid her house of that girl."

The most profound astonishment, gradually merging into consternation, became depicted, in waves so to speak, on the canon's face.

"The child?" he stammered.

"Child!" snorted the doctor. "Now, look here, Canon, do not speak in a hurry. If you pretend to be able to guide souls, you ought to base your judgments upon something more than mere externals. Oh, you call that little minx a child on the strength of her baby curls and her little face? Now just give yourself the trouble to reflect for a moment upon the effect that child produces upon the men of the community. There's Dodd, the fine Yankee fellow. Eh? What does he think of the child?"

More and more disturbed became the priest's face.

"Now that you say so," he remarked hesitatingly, "of course—Mr. Dodd—indeed, I believe, at least, I have noticed, he is certainly not indifferent to Mademoiselle Gioja's presence."

"Indifferent!" snapped the doctor.

"The man does not know what he's doing when she's near him. He's mad for her—mad! Well, now, let us take the Marquis next, Totol—little idiot! He hates and fears young girls, that one. With a girl he has to mind his p's and q's. Innocence and ignorance and timidity—all that sort of thing bores him. He's afraid of it. He has no use for it! You know his jargon; oh, he's a pretty type! He avoided the little one like the plague, that first evening. And now! Have you seen them together? seen the way he looks at her? Have you watched him manœuver to get out of range of mama's eyes and inveigle mademoiselle into some deserted room or other? Come, you have seen them together! He does not seem to see a school-girl in her now—does he?"

The canon's lips moved voicelessly. The anxiety in his eye grew more intense.

"Well, since you mention it," he at length murmured, "once or twice I have, in truth, seen the Marquis de Lormes with the girl. This morning in the garden——" He passed his yellow silk handkerchief over his brow. "But I assure you," he went on eagerly, "I assure you, she did not appear in the least inclined to encourage his attentions. It was quite the reverse."

The doctor looked at the canon with indulgent contempt.

"Quite the reverse," he repeated ironically. "Quite so, my dear Canon. That is the type, to the life. Oh, don't I know her, that one! Women of that type never do seem to encourage any one, and yet the mere fact of their presence in the room will set every man's blood astir. Look you, my friend, I speak from experience. I—I, old fellow that I am, I myself can feel the little demon." He stopped to laugh out loud at the horror-struck expression of the priest. "But don't be afraid," he went on jeeringly; "it is a matter of no consequence with me. I just note the symptoms as a scientific fact, and that is all. As for you, you have worked so long to, and succeeded so well in, transforming yourself into an old woman—— Oh, well, you can hardly even understand! Now let me tell you in one word what your child is: she's a dangerous woman! Do you want to have another definition—

the scientific one? *C'est une troublante.* Would you like a historical one? She is what your churchmen in the Middle Ages used to call a succubus. And were we still in those good old days ('pon my soul I almost wish we were!), she would be put on her trial, you would sit on the bench, and she would be burnt as a witch. Listen! Only a few years ago, Madame la Duchesse yonder insisted on taking me to a charity fancy-fair at Versailles. A monster fair it was; every kind and condition of men and women. The good matrons of the Faubourg who organized it (our Marquise in the thick of it, of course) had intrusted the flower-stalls to the 'ladies of the profession,' because they would be the most attractive to the gentlemen. Eh, eh, charity covers a multitude of sins! Well, there was one there of that lot, a tall one, a sort of lily to look at, still and white and slender. And all round her, I tell you, my poor friend, it was like a swarm of bees! It hummed with men, young and old, soldiers, actors, dukes, artists, Jews and Christians, what do I know—all our golden youth, and all the silver age. Bah! I saw a minister, a surgeon, a diplomat, and the last poet. Not a flower left on her stall, nor a leaf; heap of gold-pieces before her. She would not take the trouble to sweep them into her till. Once or twice she opened her mouth, showing the tip of her white teeth, only wide enough for the passage of a disdainful word. Occasionally she looked up, and shot a glance always in the same direction at one particular man. Brooding eye of fire! By the way (you may not have noticed it), our Mademoiselle Gioja has, on occasions, when she looks at a particular person, something of that sort of glance. Oh, it is the type! That lily, Canon, was the famous Laura Bell."

The canon started, and then instantly endeavored to cover his movement. The ejaculation on his lips he repressed. His face became gray-white. The doctor, engrossed in his own theme, proceeded with gusto:

"And the young man she looked at was the rich Hungarian, Count Wallsee."

Again the priest started; Count Wallsee's sensational ruin and his no less sensational suicide had reached even his hermit ears.

"Oh, it is the type!" Monsieur Lebel went on. "And this precious orphan of the Duchess has got the type, my friend. She reminds me of no one so much as of la Belle Laura herself."

The canon's happy morning, his mood of charming, if reprehensible placidity, was rudely disturbed indeed. He knew the doctor well; and, while lamenting his irreligious convictions, he respected him as an earnest worker and a shrewd intelligence, and he loved him for his unfailing all-human goodness. From such a man a warning was not a thing to be lightly put aside.

The two again looked at each other, and it was the same apprehension that clutched at both their hearts. These were lonely men—the one from vocation and deliberate sacrifice, the other from the accident of life. Both, in their different ways, filled their hours by ceaseless work for others. All they knew of home, of the grace of existence, of the joys round the hearth, was given to them by Helen. And all the rooted tenderness a man has in him to give wife and child, all its overshadowing solicitude, its care and thought, its ceaseless preoccupation, these two solitary men had almost unconsciously, most purely, given to Helen.

The canon, of course, was fully convinced that the motives which for fourteen years had induced him so persistently to refuse all the preferments periodically offered to a man of his name, attainments and saintly reputation, were an unmixed devotion to his little flock and a humble desire of working out his salvation in comparative obscurity. That Doctor Lebel, again, had grown gray by the bedside of the country poor, when the same amount of work might have placed one of his capacity in the first rank of his profession in Paris, was solely due (if you believed him) to his intolerance of fashionable humbug, to his determined preference for the necessarily less degenerate humanity of the fields. "I like," he would say, "to work upon unadulterated stuff. I like my human nature in the ore."

The real fact, however, blissfully ignored by both, was that their whole existence had, for fourteen years, circled round Helen as inevitably as that of a man round

his natural home. Helen! In words, even to each other, it was, of course, Madame la Duchesse. In their heart she was "Helen," their child, the light of their eyes!

The canon took a fresh pinch, and spilt the half of it in most unwonted slovenliness.

"But surely, surely," he urged, with an attempt to reestablish himself upon his former height of happy, charitable security, and to argue down the clamorous voices of a thousand misgivings—"surely, my dear Doctor, you are frightening yourself—you are frightening me—rather unnecessarily. Granted that Gioja is perhaps too attractive to young men, granted that it is not a very prudent thing for the Duchess to have burdened herself with an adopted child of that age (having so little knowledge of her previous life), more than this cannot be said. Her manner is perfectly modest. She seems an innocent, well-brought-up young person. Do you not think so? Have you observed anything forward, anything displeasing, in her manner? As for me, she has struck me, I must say, as possessing quite remarkable reserve."

"Too much reserve! That is the very thing. 'Tisn't natural."

But the priest had already found consolation in his own arguments.

"It is the maidenly instinct, my good Doctor. Come, come! you see everything black this morning. Why, the Duchess is delighted. And has she not had every opportunity of judging? She has the girl with her, morning, noon and night."

The doctor threw back his head. "The Duchess?" he said. "Oh, don't use that as an argument, Canon! Why, she's as easy to take in as yourself; result of the long practice of charity, I suppose. Suspect no evil, eh? (Bless her! Bless her!) But she's not a clever woman."

The canon was amazed. He was shocked. In his ears it sounded almost like blasphemy. Not clever? Not perfection?—their Helen!

"Monsieur Lebel!" he exclaimed.

"No, Monsieur de Hauteroche, I am not mad. I know what I am saying. Who wants her clever? Not I. Who wants her different? Not I. She's forty times bet-

ter than the cleverest woman that ever breathed. She has the intelligence of the heart, the tact of the heart. Ah, no one will ever beat her there! Look you, man: it is because she is what she is . . . well, we need not talk about that, you and I. But things would hit her hard, you know; and, in short, I don't like the look of it all up there."

"Why, then," said the priest, infectious fear again invading all his reasoning faculties, "the best thing that can happen is that this Mr. Dodd should marry Gioja. From certain little indications," said the canon, with an air of great worldly acumen, "obtuse as I may be, my old friend, I am convinced that this young American has the most serious intentions."

"Oh, yes," said the doctor. "Yes, yes!" He lay back upon the bench, gazing upward at the blue sky with vacant eyes, and thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"Why, then," pursued the priest, delighted, "Providence has already provided. They must be married. What more simple? The young girl's future is happily assured. And a possibly—ah—disturbing element is removed from the house. Mr. Dodd will have to return to America very soon. And there we are. And I myself—hein, what did you say?"

"I said, 'marry them,'" remarked the doctor, still staring at the blue.

"Marry them?" repeated the other. "Of course."

"Marry them," said the doctor, "if you can."

"Hein?" said the priest again.

Monsieur Lebel gathered himself together. Fertile in methods of expressing the state of his mind by the contortions of his body, he now drew himself up into a sort of hard knot, his arms clasped round his knees.

"Oh, you might marry *him* fast enough. But *she* won't have him." He suddenly unclasped himself and fell apart, both hands, fingers outstretched, flung out with the utmost emphasis. "She's shown that pretty plainly. She has her eye on some one else, Canon—the Duke!"

The canon felt as if he were being whirled round in some sudden and amazing whirlwind; all his thoughts danced

giddily, aimlessly, like dry leaves in an autumn blast.

"But," he exclaimed, feebly catching at the dry leaf that bobbed up oftenest, "she cannot marry the Duke!"

There was a pause, an awful pause, while the doctor looked at the priest. The canon felt his skin grow cold and stiffen.

"No, she cannot marry the Duke," said the other at last, very slowly. Then he added quickly, with his expressive gesture: "Don't misunderstand me. Thus far all is right, of course. A week! But have you not noticed? The Duke avoids her, he is uncomfortable near her. He is afraid of her. Why? I told you why, just now: he is a man, parbleu. Afraid of her, did I say? He is afraid of himself! And, what is more, the Duchess has noticed something unusual about him. She's asked me to catch him and prescribe for him to-day. She thinks him looking ill. She ought to have asked you—but we shall see."

"Oh!" cried the priest, and clasped his hands, "for God's sake, Doctor! Oh, my God!" He raised and shook his clasped hands. "This dreadful world! The Duke is a man of honor, Lebel—besides, he loves his wife. There is loyalty to keep him, the sanctity of hospitality. You see, I speak of no higher rule."

"Come," said the doctor, with affected roughness, "this is no moment for jeremiads. I interrupted your meditations (ahem!) to-day because I felt the matter was urgent enough. By a stroke of good luck, it appears that Monsieur Favereau is expected back. Our three good heads together should find a respectable way out of this business."

"Unfortunately," said the canon, still heavily troubled, "there is a diocesan meeting at Versailles, this afternoon. Even now," said he after consulting his watch, "I ought to be thinking of making my way to the station. Impossible to say if I can return to-night or only in time for my mass to-morrow morning. It is most unfortunate!"

"Oh, to-morrow will be time enough, let us hope!" said the doctor, with a laugh. "Time will be wanted—time and tact."

"To vary the simile, in short," said

Monsieur Lebel, briskly, as he accompanied the canon part of the way down the shady avenue of chestnuts toward the white high-road leading to the village—"to vary the simile, my old friend, there is a serpent in our paradise, and we must—and shall—get rid of the creature before it has time to do the mischief which is in its serpent nature to do!"

XXI.

It was very cool in the long drawing-room of the château, where groups of antique, gilt-legged, brocade-covered furniture made islands in a shining sea of parquet flooring. The walls, with the old pastels let into their white panels, stretched to an incredibly high ceiling, where dim chubby cupids, wreathed in azure ribbons and pale roses, chased one another across clouded blue skies.

Upon one of the little islands, protected from the outer world by a curveting gilt-and-glass screen, the Duchess and her friend, Madame Rodriguez, sat under the spreading fans of a palm. They were pleasantly installed between the reseda-scented breeze that blew in from one of the open windows and the incense rising from a fantastically large bowl of roses enthroned on a low marble and gilt-chained, altar-like tripod.

Helen, in her lilac-tinted morning-gown, lying back against the pale-green cushion of the causeuse, looked an image of rest and placidity—rest, although her long white fingers moved ceaselessly with flash of knitting-needle in the mass of wool in her lap; placidity, although one who knew her well might have traced on her brow and in her eyes a secret weight of trouble.

Nessie, a very antithesis, sat on a spindle-legged chair at a spindle-legged writing-table—if indeed the verb "to sit" can apply to a kaleidoscopic change of position that never permitted a minute's quiescence in the same attitude. The little lady's apricot cheek was flushed; her crisp hair, twisted this way and that by the frequent clutch of impatient fingers, suggested an impression of mutiny unwonted in those well-drilled tresses.

Five or six sheets of paper, crumpled or torn across, lying around her, as well as ink-stains on the small fingers and even

one or two upon the lace ruffles of that elaborate primrose-ribbed negligé—in which she had cut such a charming figure only an hour ago—bore witness that her agitation was connected with the inditing of a letter.

She now bent her head over the blotter. The much nibbled and ruffled goose-quill was plunged vindictively into the ink. Scratch, scratch, went the nib in great black lines across the new sheet, with an energy that set every separate vaporous frill quivering.

Suddenly the pen was dashed aside and the writer wheeled round in her chair, waving the result of her labor.

"Listen, Helen—

"Mrs. Nessie P. Rodriguez begs to inform Mr. Ruy Antonio Rodriguez that she declines to have any further communication with him of any kind or description whatever.

"If Mr. Ruy Antonio Rodriguez goes on pestering Mrs. Nessie P. Rodriguez in the same manner as before, she will certainly place the matter in the hands of her lawyers."

"What do you think of that? That's pretty clear, is it not?"

The Duchess turned the corner of her brow without looking up. Then she said gently:

"I would not send that, Nessie."

Mrs. Nessie P. Rodriguez hereupon fell into a violent state of indignation, in which she fluttered and pecked about as effectively as a robin in a rage.

"Oh, would you not, though!" This was sarcastic. "No, of course you would not." This was sheer temper. "If your Duke played the same games on you as Rodriguez does on me, you would just turn up your eyes to heaven and pray for his soul." This was scathingly contemptuous. Then she became pathetic. "Oh, it's very easy for you to talk! I'd forgive the Duke anything myself; but when you have to deal with a" (sob) "low-down sort of" (sob) "brute, like Rodriguez ——" Here her feelings became too deep for words.

Helen had raised her eyes. Her voice, after Nessie's vibrating nasal anger, fell like balm.

"He is your husband."

At this the human robin literally fluttered into the air. Down went the pen on one side, the sheet of paper on the other. The small feet stamped, the small fists gesticulated.

"And that's the very worst thing about the whole sickening business. My husband! My husband! Lord, I could forgive him anything but that!"

She gave an angry laugh. And then—for the saving grace of real humor extends in many directions—futile rage fell away, and the comical side of her situation began to assert itself.

"Well, I am not built like you, Helen, and that's all about it. I am just sick of being treated like an automatic machine for the delivery of banknotes. 'Pon my soul, that Rodriguez thinks he has only to drop a penny stamp in the slot, and out will come a check! It isn't even always a penny. I have known him to do it on a halfpenny postcard. Faugh! No, now there isn't a mite of good in your going on like that, Helen. I have not got one spark of Christian feeling left for that man. No, and I am not going to pray for his conversion. Why, we might meet again in the next world! And I don't think my halo would sit at all comfortably if I did not know he was having a real good frizzle somewhere else."

Her familiar cackle sounded quite heart-whole and refreshing. Helen smiled with indulgent, amused rebuke, as upon a kitten or a child or some other irresponsible but delightful little animal.

Madame Nessie picked up her pen, and nibbled it with her head on one side, restored to good humor by a just appreciation of her own wit.

A footman, in his pink-and-white striped morning-jacket, came round the screen and presented a telegram on a tray. "For madame," he said, holding it under Nessie's hand.

"Mercy!" said she, and eyed it with a sidelong, shy glance. Then she snapped up the folded blue paper and watched the servant's retreating figure critically. "He's a well-trained young man, Helen. I wonder how long he stood at the door waiting for a pause in our conversation. I expect my voice carries some way."

"Jean is a good lad," said Helen, who

took deep personal interest in every member of her household; "I do not think he would listen at the door. Your telegram, Nessie?"

Madame Rodriguez turned the bit of paper over and over.

"I don't like the look of it," she said childishly. Then she stuck her little finger under the wafer and pulled it open. The next minute, "Mercy!" she cried again, this time in shrill distress, and rose, hands rigidly stuck out, in a doll-like attitude of dismay.

"My dear!" exclaimed Helen, and anxiously approached her.

But the other impatiently shook off the kindly touch.

"I don't believe it," she muttered to herself. "It's a horrid lie." She crumpled the dispatch convulsively, the next moment smoothed it out again, reread it with starting eyes and mouthing lips. Then, with a scream of dismay, "Helen, Helen, what shall I do?" she cried, allowed the blue slip of paper to flutter from her hand, and sinking into her chair, rocked herself backward and forward.

Now really alarmed, her friend took up the telegram, and read for herself:—

"Don Ruy Rodriguez dangerously ill—typhus. Begs you will not come—fear of infection. Send immediately four thousand francs for necessary expenses. Matter most urgent. I transmit his dying love.—MANUEL CORTEZ Y MENDOZA, Grand Hotel, Biarritz."

"Oh, oh, oh!" moaned Nessie. "Read it out, Helen!" Listening, she punctuated each sentence with a short, sharp groan. "What does he say it is now? Typhus!" She sat up. A flicker of doubt appeared in her distraught eye. She suddenly grew calmer. "Typhus. That's new. That's a new disease. He's never had typhus yet. What does typhus run to?"

The Duchess, who had assimilated the contents of the dispatch to her great relief (having sufficient knowledge of Monsieur Rodriguez' previous history to feel very little anxiety on the score of his health news), and who was moved with no little indignation against one who could play so successfully upon a woman's tenderness, answered dryly enough:

"Four thousand francs."

An agony of doubt distorted Nessie's countenance. "That's cheap," she exclaimed, jumping to her feet once more. "Lord's sakes, perhaps it's true!" She clutched her friend's wrist and shook it violently. "Don't say it's true!" And, bursting into tears, she once again dropped on her chair.

The crunch of the doctor's heavy foot on the gravel sounded from outside. His sturdy bulk presently filled up the open window-space.

"Heyday!" said the cheery voice, as its owner paused to look in, "what have we here?" He untidily stuffed the bandana handkerchief with which he was mopping his brown shining face into the side-pocket of his alpaca jacket, and advanced, suddenly professional. The soles of his country-made boots squeaked on the polished boards. "Hysteries, eh?"

Madame Rodriguez had indeed become quite convulsive in her distress. The doctor surveyed her with a somewhat callous eye. Then he turned to the Duchess, who was vainly endeavoring to administer consolation.

"Leave her alone, madame," he said. "It is the very worst thing in the world to fuss about a hysterical patient. Now, my treatment is to pour cold water gently down the neck, and then to leave the afflicted person quite alone, in a thorough draft if possible. I have never known it to fail. Allow me to ring for some cold water."

Not regarding the situation as serious, and amused by the sudden listening tension that had come over Nessie's figure, as well as by Monsieur Lebel's quizzical expression, even tender-hearted Helen was unable to refrain from laughter.

"Hush, Doctor," she murmured, trying in vain to keep the note of mirth from her voice; "she has had bad news."

Madame Rodriguez sprang to her feet, indignation for the nonce overriding all other emotions.

"Doctor," she exclaimed, "you are a perfect brute! Helen! how dare you laugh!" She settled her ruffled feathers and assumed an air of great dignity. "I am going to pack my trunks, anyhow, and take the first rail to nurse my dying husband!"

"Wait, Nessie, wait!" urged the Duchess, and stretched out a detaining hand. "Oh, truly, darling, I am not heartless, but—the fact is, I don't quite believe in that telegram."

Nessie folded her arms. "How dare you, Helen!"

"May one see, madame?" interposed the doctor. And, without waiting for further permission, he took up the dispatch.

"You know, Nessie," went on Helen, eye and tone pleading pardon for the merriment that still shook her—"you know last week it was influenza, and that was fifteen thousand francs."

"Oh, you have made us all aware of the gentleman's ways," said the doctor. Then, with his great laugh, tapping the bit of paper, he added, "And I am afraid—for your sake, I am afraid—there is not a shred of truth in this."

But Nessie, for no reason that can be assigned, was determined to view matters on the tragic side.

"Oh!" she cried, with a sharp ejaculation that was like the pop of a champagne cork. She shook herself free of the Duchess. "I'm going to pack, anyhow."

The doctor was as resourceful by long habit as he was good-natured by disposition.

"Ah, well—hold! It is easy to ascertain the truth without putting one's self out so much. Look here, now, there's an old colleague of mine at Biarritz; I'll telegraph to him this very moment. With precedence we'll have the answer in an hour."

"There, Nessie, what a good idea!" cried Helen.

But Nessie had stalked majestically to the door. Even as the doctor sat down to write, she halted and looked back at them, a being destined so completely by nature for the light side of existence that all her efforts at tragic indignation and wifely concern succeeded only in making her somehow more comical than in her gayest moments. Shrilly, solemnly and warningly she called out to her friend across the long room—Titania playing at Cassandra:

"May you never feel what it is not to know whether you're going to be a widow or not!"

The doctor laughed out loud, as his

stylographic pen fled along the telegram form. But Helen's face changed.

"What a horrible thing to say!" she murmured slowly, as if to herself.

"Just ring the bell, will you, madame?" said the doctor.

Helen was neither nervous nor morbid. The very sound of the doctor's matter-of-fact voice was sufficient to dispel her momentary, inexplicable feeling of impending calamity.

Brushing away the mental cloud, she did as the doctor bade her, and stood smiling whilst, in his characteristic way, he gave directions to the footman.

"Here, Joseph—no, by the way, you're John, you are; well, it does not matter anyway—take this to the chemist—I mean to the post-office—to be made up. Tut, tut! I mean, forwarded at once, with precedence, understand?"

As the door closed on the servant, Lebel wheeled round his chair, clapped his hands on his knees and drew the long breath which generally preceded his entry into professional matters.

"Well," said he, "here I am. Where is my patient? Where is the Duke?"

"He will be here in a minute. He said he would ride to Versailles and be back for luncheon." She clasped her fingers over her knitting and glanced up at the friendly face. "I am anxious," she went on.

"Oh, pooh!" said the doctor.

"No, indeed, Doctor, he is not well; I have never seen him like this before. Of course he does not complain; he won't even admit that he is ill. But he does not eat, he does not sleep. He is restless. He walks and walks, and rides and rides, as if to shake off something—I don't know what—something that seems to be coming over him."

"Eh, eh?" said the man of medicine, reflectively, with his chin on one side and his fingers burrowing in beard stubble. "Temper short? Irritable?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried. "He has never been tenderer to me, never sweeter in his courtesy to every one around him. He laughs, he talks; but there is a sad look on his face, Doctor, when he does not know that I am watching."

"Ah!" commented Monsieur Lebel, and the wandering fingers reached his ear,

where they halted, pensively pulling.

"I am afraid," Helen pursued, "sometimes, that he may be feeling some illness coming upon him; that he is trying to fight against it, to keep it from me. His first thought is always for me." Suddenly something in the doctor's attitude struck her as alarming. Instantly every fiber of her being thrilled to terror. "Doctor, you don't think— Oh, my God, is he really going to be ill?"

"Ill? Not he," said the doctor.

"There now, there you go! Nothing, I'll warrant, that you and I cannot cure. Eh, a splendid constitution, famous type, madame, famous type! Doesn't give us doctors much work, nor ever will either." He patted her white fingers with his kind, ugly hand. "I'll have a look at him, since you wish it. But he mustn't know. Leave it to me." He stood up, legs wide apart, in his favorite attitude. "Liver," said he. "The liver, madame—it is a prosaic subject, but even our Duke has a liver, I am glad to say—the liver can play the devil with a man sometimes; excuse the word."

The wife's ear was now strained to other sounds than the doctor's laugh, reassuring as it was. She had caught the footfall of a tired horse under the avenue trees.

"There is Cluny!" she cried.

XXII.

"All said and done, there is no denying it," the doctor had to admit to himself, as Cluny came in, "that is a charming fello v."

A moment before, drawing up a rapid diagnosis based on his own observations and the Duchess's confidences, he had come to rather uncomplimentary and alarming conclusions:

"A poor weak man! The little white witch has brought him to the point of mental conflict already. Sapristi, it was time indeed to interfere! Eh! and he married to that woman! Ah, God, the pitiful race!"

But the entrance of the Duke, the mere fact of his handsome and courteous presence, the smile and the genuinely cordial greeting, produced their wonted effect. That the man could smile so kindly when he was so unmistakably weary, both in

mind and body, at once placed him in the rank of those whose errors elicit pity and not condemnation.

It did not, however, take the discriminating doctor's eye many seconds to discover that things were more wrong with the Duke than he had anticipated. And while, with an assumption of more than usual boisterousness, Monsieur Lebel returned his patron's salutation, his glance, running over the unconscious patient's face and figure, took note of small significant details: the dilated pupil, the beaded brow, the notable emaciation of the hands, the restless foot, the quick look from side to side, as if in apprehension of something or some one.

"Decidedly," thought Monsieur Lebel again, "it was high time!"

"Ah," said Cluny, sinking into a chair, with a deep sigh, "how cool and restful it is here!" He looked at his wife wistfully, and then sharply away again, as if the sight of her face stung him.

"Well, you are pretty hot, I should say," said the doctor, balancing his round bulk on the edge of the causeuse. "It looks as if you were going in for banting all of a sudden. Such athleticism! Always on the move! Aha! I begin to suspect it's all on account of the American cousin. Want to show what a sportsman a Frenchman can be, eh?"

He slid his squat fingers upon the Duke's wrist. Cluny made an impatient movement to shake off the touch. But Doctor Lebel gripped, looking hard at him. And with a faint smile and shrug the Duke submitted.

There was half a minute's pause. Helen, with parted lips and anxious face, watched the doctor's countenance, now set into gravity. He looked up suddenly and with determination smiled at her.

"Bravo!" he cried, dropping the patient's hand. "I always said you had the best constitution in the province."

But "Diable, diable!" was what he was crying to himself; "hard as wire, and as jerky as a telegraph needle!"

"What, I?" said the Duke, rising. "Oh, I'm as strong as a horse."

He strolled over to the window and stood a moment looking out. Doctor Lebel rolled off his seat and followed him.

"Don't overdo the exercise though," he insisted. "You've grown thinner."

Beneath them the garden sloped down to the chestnut alley. The last bloom of roses starred hedge and standard. The scent of the reseda and of the late honeysuckle was very sweet in the sunshine. From a hidden sward came the whirr of a mowing-machine; somewhere out of sight rose the song of a fountain: it was all very peaceful and homelike. The sky was very blue; the green and the flowers were very beautiful; the air very still. This garden Cluny had loved to call his paradise, but deep to-day was the melancholy sweeping in upon his soul as he gazed down upon it.

All at once, after a rigid second that marked the checking of a shudder, he turned abruptly away; a white straw hat and the flutter of a white dress had appeared among the rose-bushes.

"Ah," said the doctor, quietly, "there goes mademoiselle."

Helen came up, linked her arm into her husband's, and drew him again to the window. The figure of Joy, busily engaged among the flowers with garden scissors and basket, now moved distinctly into view.

"The dear child," said Helen; "look at her! Isn't she pretty?"

The doctor's words and smile had almost reassured her on Cluny's account. She had recovered something of her radiance.

"I wonder," she went on, "how I ever managed to live without a daughter. See how she settled those roses for me," pointing to the great silver bowl. "A fairy could not have done it better. I find her, you must know, taking things off my hands in the most natural, unobtrusive way in all the world. I call her 'my delicate Ariel.' (I know you have read Shakespeare, Doctor.) And then her tact, her good taste! Always the same pretty modesty. She is shy, of course, but only as a baby princess might be. Don't you think so, Cluny? Ah, you must agree with me there, at least! There is a little want of enthusiasm toward my daughter," she explained, turning again to the doctor, "in this good, spoiling husband of mine. But even he could not say that she has ever uttered a word, given a look, that one would wish ungiven, unsaid."

The Duke, after an imperceptible hesitation, patted his wife's hand.

In his soul just now an infinite weariness had superseded all sense of the bitterness and irony of facts.

"No, dear," he answered with extreme gentleness.

"I foresaw such weeks, such months even, of drilling for my little recruit," continued Helen gaily, her eye still resting on the rose-gatherer; "such endless litanies of hints, such moments of ludicrous agony for both of us. Vain fears! She has adapted herself like—like a flower."

With swinging step a tall figure now crossed the brilliant sward and plunged down the narrow, precipitous path between the clipped fantastic box-hedges. Helen drew back, and in the action separated herself from Cluny.

"Ah," said she, with a smile and a sigh, "there goes George! I half expected that. There are others who want my sprite, it seems."

Cluny stood a moment looking fixedly out, with eyes not seeing the radiant vision but intent upon some inward spectacle of conflict. Then he turned abruptly on his heel and moved toward the door without a word.

Half-way down the room, however, he halted and spoke.

"I must go and change these dusty things, dear. A tantôt."

He was looking horribly tired, the doctor thought. Under their bushy brows Lebel's sharp eyes had not lost a shade of his patient's face; and the look and tone with which he now addressed his wife struck him painfully. "One might almost think it was remorse," he pondered.

"Oh," came the Duchess's voice, as the door closed and they were again alone, "how happy you have made me!" She laid her white hand upon his arm. "You don't think, then, he is really ill?"

"Decidedly," thought the doctor, "the woman's unobservant, not to say dense. . . . God forgive me! Come, come, Sebastian, my friend, it's time for you to step in."

"Ill?" he said aloud. "No, he has no disease that I know of. But he is nervous. He is very nervous, madame."

"What do you mean?" cried she, and her finger tightened on his shiny sleeve.

The doctor looked full into her face with his true, benevolent gaze.

"Now, look here," said he, "this is not a case for me; it's a case for you. The Duke is worried. How can I tell what has worried him? Something has got on his nerves. Saperlipopette! A very little thing will sometimes get on a man's nerves. The great Englishman, Carlyle, he could not stand cocks; and I, as you see me, I can't stand the smell of incense. Hey, hey, a little voyage would do him a world of good—a voyage with you, I mean. Take him off with you as soon as possible—just you two alone together, you understand—a little honeymoon trip, en partie fine. And at the end of the first week (if you are the woman I think you are) you'll have found out what is the little something that has got so desperately on his nerves. And you will see to its being removed from his existence, once for all."

Helen let her hand drop. She had grown pale; her eyes had become dilated; the corners of her mouth had fallen like those of a puzzled, troubled child.

"But, Doctor," she said—"but, Doctor!" Something intangible, disturbing, alarming, seemed to have come into her sheltered and serene existence. It had no shape as yet, it was utterly and horribly unknown; she could give it no name, but she dimly felt its presence.

"Well," insisted the doctor, "is it not a nice prescription? Ask your husband and see what he says. A new honeymoon, *aha!*"

His laugh echoed in the still, lofty room. He reached for his battered hat, waved it at the Duchess, and plunged out of the open window-door. In a second he was back again, looking in upon her.

"Partie fine, remember!" he cried, with warning finger emphasizing. "No aunts, no cousins, no adopted daughters—no adopted daughters!"

His trot was heard crunching away on the gravel. Helen stood motionless; she felt as if she were in a dream.

"No adopted daughters," she repeated, half unconsciously. And the menacing, formless terror seemed suddenly to grow darker and more distinct. Why? She did not know!

(To be continued.)

